

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1896.

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SEPTEMBER 1896.

ASSYE AND WELLINGTON:

AN ANNIVERSARY STUDY.

ASSYE, SEPTEMBER 23, 1803.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON DIED SEPTEMBER 14, 1852.

As we approach the end of the nineteenth century we come more and more into a period when those who love to keep up their memory of past events by centenary celebrations will find frequent occasion for their enthusiasm. During the next twenty years centenaries of our most glorious victories by land and sea will crowd on one another. Just a hundred years ago the young conqueror of Italy was beginning that wonderful career which was to shake to their base all the thrones of Continental Europe outside of Russia, and to sweep away for ever numbers of worn-out traditions that had survived the middle ages in which they were born. In the same year, 1796, an English officer of exactly the same age as the Republican general was proceeding on the long voyage by the Cape to India. Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley was then in command of the 33rd Regiment, and was at sea during nearly the whole of the brilliant campaign which began that period of Napoleonic ascendancy which he was himself destined to close for ever nineteen years afterwards at Waterloo. He was no untried soldier even when he landed in India. During the disastrous campaign in the Low Countries he was one of the few officers of the English army who had markedly distinguished themselves. Nevertheless, it may be doubted whether the greater glories of his European service have not somewhat obscured the memory of those long years in India during which he first established his claim to

be reckoned as at least one of the most notable of English commanders, and to which, across the vista of his own splendid career, he always himself looked back with fond remembrance. Seven years had elapsed, after his landing in the East, before, on the 23rd of the current month (September), he stood a victor on the fiercely fought field of Assye. The seven years had, however, given him, in the meantime, ample experience of war.

He had repelled the attack of Tippoo upon the army of the Nizam, of which in 1799, he was in command, and had helped to gain the fight at Mahavelly. In the attack on Seringapatam, after a partial failure, on April 5, 1799, he had on the 6th taken the outer defences, and was engaged in the final capture on May 4. He had carried out a small but very arduous campaign on his own account against Dhoodiah, a robber chief, and undoubtedly the experience so gained was of great service to him in the more formidable business of the war against the Marhattas. On August 10, 1803, he captured by assault Ahmednuggar, and moving in two columns—one under himself, one under Colonel Stevenson—he advanced for the famous fight at Assye. This, the first battle in which he commanded, is chiefly remarkable for the fact, that, whereas the character which is usually attributed to Wellington as a commander is his extreme caution and the patience with which he worked his way to victory, the attack which he made at Assye erred, if it erred at all, on the side of excessive boldness, if not rashness. Barely half the possible army was available. Stevenson was to have joined him in an attack on the following day. Wellesley, falsely informed of an imaginary retreat of the enemy, found himself unexpectedly in their presence. He had available only eight thousand men, of whom only fifteen hundred were British. He had but seventeen guns. The enemy had thirty thousand horsemen, one hundred and two guns were in position, and their infantry numbered ten thousand. A fight of one to six is the kind of battle that a home-dwelling Englishman loves to hear of. It sounds as if it were a pure fight of pluck against numbers, but the man who has to consider the responsibilities of the commander cannot but look upon it as one that needs much investigation before it is justified, especially if the commander might have fought with much larger numbers on his own side. Happily Wellesley's conduct of Assye will bear that investigation.

The sudden resolution which he formed to attack without awaiting the arrival of Stevenson was based, first of all, on a

calculation of moral forces. He knew the enormous advantage which the mere fact of his attacking would give to him against the Marhattas, both in lowering their confidence and in raising that of his own native troops. Moreover, he saw that the huge army before him had taken up its position in a kind of triangle or isthmus formed by the rivers Kaifna and Jootee, the latter a mere nullah, and that the great mass of their infantry and guns were formed upon the bank of the Kaifna at a convenient distance from the point of junction of the streams. By passing, therefore, the nearer river at a ford he would be able to threaten the left flank of the enemy's infantry, and oblige them to change their position in order to face him, an operation likely to throw such troops into much confusion, and certain to exclude their enormous cavalry force from any participation in the action until the issue had been decided between the two infantries; for the enemy's line, when reformed to meet him, would extend completely across the bend of the two rivers, not more than a mile wide. Even when at length the cavalry were able to throw themselves into the fight, it would be on ground so restricted that their numbers would avail little, and the superior armament, courage, and manœuvring power of our own small force would probably insure them the victory. So the event proved. The change of front of the Marhattas, when they found that Wellesley had turned their flank, was better executed than he had expected, but undoubtedly helped to shake them. Unfortunately, the general's intentions were not fully carried out. The village of Assye was held by strong bodies of infantry, and covered by many guns. As the village, in their new position, lay on the enemy's left, and it was quite possible for Wellesley's right to keep out of the range of their guns without losing connection with the remainder of their army, he had intended to keep back this portion of his force, whilst with his left and centre he broke the enemy's right, and rolled it up upon Assye and onwards into the nullah, thus placing the flying enemy between his troops and the formidable array of guns at Assye.

The pickets, which were on the right towards Assye, by mistake led direct upon the village, and the 74th on that side followed them, being almost annihilated by the overwhelming fire of the guns. The left and centre were completely successful, and, driving the enemy before them, ultimately captured Assye. Yet before this could happen, a considerable portion of the

Marhatta horse, seeing the condition to which the 74th had been reduced, attempted to overwhelm them. A brilliant charge by our cavalry, under Colonel Maxwell of the 19th Dragoons, drove off and routed the Marhatta horse and saved the remnants of the 74th. To a large extent Wellesley had relied on that very regiment as a reserve in case of accidents; and when the Marhatta gunners on the left, who had been passed as dead or wounded, sprang to their feet and fired into the backs of our men, he, as he says himself, was without a reserve. He had, however, reformed some of the 78th, and himself led them forward with one regiment of native horse, clearing out these men. The victory was complete; but the cavalry, unavoidably used before they ought to have been, were, to Wellesley's great annoyance, in no condition to pursue. Nevertheless, ninety-eight guns were captured, and four more thrown into the river by the Marhattas. Except that the Marhatta cavalry, rather banditti than fighting force, were almost intact, the power of the chiefs was effectually shattered. So severe had been the losses of the victors from the tremendous artillery fire that, when at Argaum, Wellesley, two months later, on November 28, formed up for attack on a mixed body of Marhattas and 'Arabs,' covered by fifty guns, the Sepoys recoiled under the sudden burst of fire which was opened on them, affected, it is said, by the remembrance of the guns of Assye. Wellesley in person reformed them. The 'Arabs,' or, as Wellesley also calls them, 'Persians,' on this occasion advanced to meet our line and boldly attacked the 74th and 78th, being as a consequence almost destroyed. Then, after a failure of some of Scindiah's Marhatta cavalry, the whole line gave way, and thirty-eight more guns were captured. On December 7, following up this victory, Wellesley laid siege to Gawilghur, and on December 15 took it by storm. Till then the great Rajpoot fortress had been looked on as impregnable. Beny Sing, who held it, was killed, and the terror inspired by these successes of the British arms led both Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar to sue for peace. A vigorous pursuit of marauders still holding out brought Wellesley's military service in India to a conclusion, and in 1805, after nearly nine years' active work, he returned to Europe.

In writing a study and sketch of Wellington's career in connection with such an anniversary as that of September 23, it seems fitting thus first to complete briefly the story of his doings

in India, of which the battle of Assye was the most brilliant achievement, and then to consider how far his action in that battle represents a typical example of his greater work in after life, or how far it stands out in contrast with it. I am myself strongly disposed to think that at the time when Wellington prepared in the Peninsula the lines of Torres Vedras, and even during the months when he remained patiently behind them, waiting for the slow but sure process which was causing Massena's great army to melt away in front of him, he would, had he been in India and confronted with the conditions with which he had to deal on September 23, 1803, have done precisely again what he then did. Not the man was changed, but the circumstances under which he had to act. I take that instance because I think that a cloudy impression of Wellington's career as not unlike that of Fabius Cunctator, who patiently waited while he allowed the enemy to make mistakes and give him his opportunity, has gathered, more perhaps in the mind of foreign critics than of our own, largely because of the marvellous success of the famous lines. Certainly it has not been dispersed by the tone of patriotic enthusiasm in which many popular writers pen their eulogies of him. American critics are now to no small extent reinforcing the not small number of able Continental scribes who complain that English writings about Wellington simply ignore facts, and will not face evidence, and that all that an English author has to do in order to insure a popular reception in England is to assume that Wellington never made a mistake, that he was an infallible paragon, and that it was a mere accident in his career that he did not at an earlier date than he did expose the hollowness of Napoleon's claim to be the master military genius of the age.

It is most unfair and most untrue as a charge against all our really abler writers. No one who had served under so great and successful a soldier ever dealt with more unflinching hand with all the human lapses of his career than did Sir William Napier. No French student of war who in the least cared to face the truth had a more unstinting appreciation of Napoleon's genius than had the English historian of the Peninsular War. Nor has that frank study of his real actions and of the man himself, which is alone honourable to one who has left such footsteps as Wellington has done on the sands of time, been confined to one writer. Benjamin Shaw Kennedy, another of the ablest of his own generals, has frankly, and in some respects unanswerably,

criticised certain of Wellington's actions, though no one of them had a higher and more really weighty appreciation of the greatness of the man with whom he dealt. Sir Edward Hamley, with his wonted courage, at a time when to do so was to face a perfect storm of obloquy in England, boldly discussed the plain facts of certain not to be defended decisions of our great leader. I hardly know any English soldier, who pretends to discuss such questions with any knowledge, who attempts to defend as an abstract decision Wellington's leaving eighteen thousand soldiers out of the fight at Waterloo. In fact, the tone usually adopted among us on that subject is what, as I submit to our most bitter foreign denouncers, is the only rational one, that the thing is in itself so palpably wrong, so certainly not to be taken as a precedent to guide future action, that, considering the undisputed greatness of the man, he cannot have made so very palpable a blunder without strong motives of some kind, which we do not now know, and can only guess. Many explanations are offered. None have been satisfactory. It is an insoluble problem for which we each have our own pet solution. Therefore, though I am quite ready to admit that there are a large number of the British public, and a large number of sycophants who write only to gain their applause, who retain in regard to the characters and genius of our heroes that feeling which made our ancestors lift them, like Nelson's statue on his monument, far above out of our sight, so that we can realise none of their features; yet I do not believe that that is the feeling of any one with whom it is worth while for any real student of history, foreign or English, to discuss facts. In the long run the judgment of one such not only will outweigh a whole theatre of others, but before many generations pass will carry that of the rest of the theatre with it.

That digression as to the only sense in which it is now worth while to study the career of Wellington seemed necessary, because it is at once easy and profitless to pile adjective on adjective in writing of one who has done for England such noble work as was done by Wellington. His achievements, their broad aspect, and the great results that were attained by them speak for themselves. They need no commendation. What we do want is to get the man into that much more really honourable position in which our modern statues, such as those of Lawrence, of Gordon, and of Clyde, stand—where, no longer lifted out of our sight, their true proportions and their grand figures can be felt as inspiring

examples by men of like passions as they were. I cannot help thinking that, though, if I may say it with all humility, I could have wished that Lord Roberts had been able to devote a little more time to working out the uncertain points in Wellington's career, and had not in some instances merely given his great name in support of certain popular superstitions which will not bear investigation; yet that he has done a great service in endeavouring to remove the mere picture of a full-grown good-conduct-prize schoolboy which has too long done duty as a popular representation of the strong, hard, shrewd, clear-headed, by no means very lovable Englishman of genius who ought as little as Cromwell to be painted without his warts, who had as a part of his very strength his weaknesses, and, unless I altogether misread him, this among them that he would himself have been much less willing than Cromwell to insist on the painting of the warts.

During the last few weeks of the life of the second Duke of Wellington up to within a few days of his very sudden death, I, happening to be living in the neighbourhood of Strathfieldsaye, spent almost every day and many hours in long talks, chiefly in the grounds of the park, with the Duke. He, knowing that the one subject on which I wanted to get him to talk was his father, most kindly indulged me by devoting his conversation to him. I think I may say that it was a relief to him to do so. For the fact was that he was burdened by a sense of responsibility. He was full of stories and anecdotes of the great man whose heir he was. He had been continually pressed by many, by Lord Wolseley, and by me perhaps more than by any one else, to give to the world all that he could tell of his father. He could neither altogether make up his mind to go to his grave burying all record of the past, nor yet, as he appealed to me again and again to agree with him, could he feel that the stories of domestic life which he had to tell were altogether such as a son would willingly give to the world of a great father. In fact he felt, I think, that some day or other they ought to be known, but he wanted to leave to some one else the responsibility of telling them. In reality I do not think that they much alter one's impression of the man; but perhaps the fact that Dr. Gleig went to his grave knowing all such stories well, and never gave them forth, and that it is twelve years since I first heard them, and that, though often pressed to do so, I have never used the freedom which was entirely left to me in regard to them, will indicate that they have seemed to many out of tune with the sort

of conception of the man which one knows to be popular, and half hesitates to disturb lest in dispersing the cloudy vision one should blur the true grandeur of the face. In fact they are all stories of a strong, hard man, harder on himself than on any one else, and, being chiefly of his later life, apply to a time when these characteristics had become set and rigid. Here, at all events, are a few specimens for good or evil.

During his campaigns the Duke had acquired a peculiar habit in regard to sleep. No noise, not the discharge of the loudest cannonade or an explosion, would wake him; but the most delicate touch, even on his clothes, roused him instantly. When roused, there was no moment of semi-somnolence, of eye-rubbing, or blurred consciousness as to where he was or what had happened. Out of the deadest sleep he was instantly in possession of all his faculties. Now, whether it was a determination not to yield to advancing years, or merely the habit of a lifetime, it would be difficult to say; but during all the time when he was living as a country gentleman at Strathfieldsaye, there was nothing that he resented so much as the attempt of any one in his household or out of it to do him any personal service. Numbers of the anecdotes turn on this peculiarity. He had had made for him a specially constructed tandem. It had two seats at the back, and was completely covered in, the whole front being of glass. The reins passed under the glass casing in front. In this way the Duke himself drove two very fine horses. One day his second son, Lord Charles Wellesley, was sitting with him in this carriage. The Duke, as in later life he often on various occasions did, fell fast asleep, still holding the reins. The spirited horses soon felt the loss of control. Before long Lord Charles, anxiously watching the situation, saw that in another moment the leader would dash up a steep bank, and that his father's life and his own would be in imminent danger. The risk was too great to run: though he knew his father too well not to be aware that any interference with him as the driver of the horses would be bitterly resented. As quietly as he could do so, he slipped his hand over the rein, drew down the leader from the bank, and saved them both from a catastrophe, anxiously endeavouring not to wake his father in doing so. It was useless, however. Light as his touch had been the great Duke was instantly awake, and fully alive to all that had happened. 'What are you doing, Charles?' 'I only turned off the leader, sir, from the bank. He was just running up it, and we should have been

upset.' 'Mind your own business, Charles! mind your own business!' was all the thanks he ever received.

The same son, Lord Charles, had been on leave in either Spain or Italy. He had met with a series of accidents on his return journey, had been in very serious danger, and, though he had made the utmost effort to do so, had failed to get back in time. His father asked for no explanation, and would hear none. He treated him as a convicted culprit, refused to have any intercourse with him, and in various ways made him feel his displeasure. One day a visitor to Strathfieldsaye drew out from Lord Charles an account of his journey. The Duke listened, and when the story came to an end he went up to his son: 'So, Charles, you met with an accident?' 'Yes, father.' 'And you did all you could to be back in time?' 'Yes, father.' 'Well, I'll give you a horse, Charles; I'll give you a horse.' It was the only form in which he admitted the injustice of which he was clearly conscious. Another story to which the (second) Duke gave something more of a significance than I care to attach to it has, I think, been told somewhere already. When the Duke first came back to England from France and settled down in Apsley House, he was naturally immensely popular, and the London crowd, anxious to express their enthusiasm, used to delight in catching him walking through the streets. They would promptly hoist him on their shoulders and ask, 'Where shall we carry you, your Grace?' Now it not unfrequently happened that it would have been highly inconvenient for the Duke to be escorted to the house, to which he was intending to go, by a vast public procession. Accordingly, unable to escape from his too-appreciative tormentors, and unwilling to declare where he was going, or to be thus carried thither, the Duke almost always cried out, 'Carry me home! Carry me home!' So that the effect of his popularity was to make his attempts to walk out for any visit of his own almost impossible, and he had either to ride or drive in order to reach his destination.

I must, however, check the flow of these stories—all, I think, in their several ways significant—in order to look back to my starting point; and from Assye through Torres Vedras and the Peninsula through Waterloo to the man of these later years.

There used to be in Warwick Castle before the fire, and, as I did not hear of their destruction at the time, I hope there are still, two portraits of Strafford—one as a quite young man, one as a mature statesman. Both are, I think, by Vandyke. In any case,

both of them are manifestly masterpieces. They always seemed to me to be full of the biography of the man, better indeed than any biography we have ever had of him. To me, however, they have always been much more, namely—to a great extent lessons in biography. The man in both is the same, and yet how different! One could almost write a volume on the story they tell. Now, as it seems to me, one wants in regard to Wellington to get such veracious portraits of the man at different periods—the man of Assye, the man of Torres Vedras, the man of Waterloo, the man of the House of Lords, Strathfieldsaye, and Apsley House. Assye was, if ever there was one, a sudden stroke of genius. I defy any one really to make a study of Wellington's letters, numerous as they are about it, and not to see that every point in the situation was grasped by him as he stood on the heights that overlooked the Delta in which lay the Marhatta army below him. He knew perfectly the apparently overwhelming odds against him. He saw how he could make the one arm, his infantry, in which he was in fighting power certainly superior to the enemy, crush the enemy's infantry and artillery without any support from the numerically overwhelming mass of horsemen, and that their victory would be decisive. He knew that, as a question of abstract strategy, he ought to have had the aid of Stevenson's division before bringing on the decisive issue. But he knew also that to wait meant falling back on his camp and the letting loose, for only too effective purpose, of those thirty thousand horsemen from where they were penned up useless and a certain prey to his own admirable little force of effective cavalry.

Thanks to that misunderstanding of his orders, which is typical of what takes place in almost every battle, sometimes with dire effects, sometimes without them, he suffered more than he had expected from the terrible fire of the hundred guns; and feeling their influence afterwards at Argaum, he, in a letter which gives one pause, writes to Stevenson to warn him cautiously to avoid the Marhattas if he finds them strong in guns. I feel certain that if he had had to do so he would have fought Assye over again; but the fact remains that he warned Stevenson virtually not to fight an Assye. In any case, as a question of military character, a more prompt and brilliant decision was never formed than the order for attack. There is only one other incident quite like it in his whole career—the order which at Salamanca destroyed the left wing of the French army, and decided,

almost at a stroke, the fate of Marmont. Still, there are many other instances in the Peninsular war which show the promptitude with which he seized an opportunity presented to him—Rolica and Vimiero, for instance, Busaco, and the series of operations against Soult, which are usually comprised under the title of the passage of the Douro.

It always seems to me that the comparison which is often made between Wellington's strategy and Napoleon's is a very irrelevant one. For such strategy as Napoleon displayed in the campaigns in Italy or in France, or even in the campaigns of 1805 or 1809 in Germany, there was no opportunity in the Peninsula. Napoleon himself, in his scheme for the conquest of the Peninsula, attempted no similar combinations, and I have sometimes thought that, though it is of course easy to account for it in other ways, Napoleon's neglect to comply with the reiterated requests which were made to him himself to take in hand the conduct of the war there may at least partly have been induced by a consciousness that it was not a country where he could produce the magnificent effects with which it was necessary for him, in order to preserve his ascendancy, to dazzle the eyes of men. A mountain region like the borderland of Italy, giving access to fertile plains, or the rivers and forests of France and Germany in wealthy districts, present very different conditions from a country where, as Wellington writes, even of the time when he was in the capital, 'I could not find means of moving even one gun from Madrid.' In a country where he had to pay for everything, he was, till the last year of the war, kept in such a condition by the Government that, after Salamanca and when he had temporarily seized Madrid, he writes, 'We are absolutely bankrupt.' 'The troops are now five months in arrears instead of being one month in advance. The staff have not been paid since February; the muleteers not since June 1811, and we are in debt in all parts of the country.' Under such circumstances rapid movements such as Napoleon carried out with all the resources of France at his back, and on the principle of making the war support war, were not open to Wellington at all. His movements, despite the difficulty of the country, were rapid enough during the great campaign of Vittoria, when the Ministry at home had at last been roused to supply him with adequate resources. Moreover, in that campaign the skill of his strategy was as conspicuous as the success of his tactics; his very arrival on the left bank of the Ebro was a surprise;

his transference of base to the Bay of Biscay was a pure stroke, and a most decisive one, of strategy. The movements of armies cannot be judged by placing pins on a map, but are questions of money and transport and supply. So far therefore as there is any change observable between the bold decision of Assye and the 'caution' of Wellington's Peninsular policy, it seems to me a simple adaptation of means to the particular end in hand. Moreover, the broad scheme of the war which gradually made sections of the country impossible to the French, though very unlike in its character to the strategy of Marengo, of the Austerlitz campaign, or of the campaigns in France, was splendid in its conception and execution.

The lines of Torres Vedras and the desolation of Portugal made that country impossible for the French. The seizure of Badajos and Ciudad Rodrigo made the invasion of Spain possible. The consequences of the Salamanca campaign relieved the south of Spain of the French. Vittoria swept them out of the Peninsula. If caution, leading to slowness of decision, somewhat carried to excess appears anywhere, surely it is in the Waterloo campaign. What wonder? To come into collision for the first time with a man with such a career as that of Napoleon behind him was likely to make any man cautious, no matter what confidence he had in himself. To face Napoleon, not with his old Peninsular army, but with a motley host of Dutch, Belgians, militiamen, and a mere sprinkling of solid English troops, held together by a scratch staff forced on him, despite all his remonstrances, by people of whom I never can think without getting too angry to dare to express myself, surely under such circumstances the feeling 'I shall beat him if I don't make some mistake' was a most natural one.

To turn a hurried glance to other features of his character, it always seems to me that the disorders of the retreat from Burgos, and the famous circular letter dated Frenada, November 28, 1812, in which he frankly scolded the whole army for them, made a complete change in his feelings towards the men who had fought under him, and in theirs to him. Even Maxwell, his devoted and enthusiastic biographer, is obliged to admit that, as addressed to the whole army, it was thoroughly unjust. It did the worst thing that reproof addressed to the correction of abuses can do. It made no distinction between the real offenders and those corps which had, as some undoubtedly had done, preserved their discipline when others had lost theirs. Now, seeing that it is a much

severer trial of a man to be 'faithful among the faithless found' than to be so when all are doing their duty, this was doubly injurious to discipline. It screened the offenders, and it censured the men who had proved that they could be thoroughly depended on. The army, as a whole, never forgave him, absolutely as they trusted him as a leader. The genial words which at a later time another could so easily have said to the particular corps to whom he had been unjust, words which would in a moment have wiped out the remembrance of the wrong, were as impossible to him as it would have been to him to have said to Lord Charles, 'I am sorry I did not understand earlier the reason of your being late.' And yet, even when, in 1808, he commanded in Portugal, he could take pride and pleasure when writing to Major Barclay in saying, 'As usual I had an unanimous army, who would have undertaken anything for me; and I took care that the troops should be well provided with everything they wanted.' I believe that the relations represented by that letter existed absolutely throughout his Indian career, and were not changed in any respect till that fatal November 28, 1812, subsequently to which and practically as a consequence of the exposures of the retreat from Burgos, he created that army which 'could go anywhere and do anything,' but one which never had with him the sympathy of those earlier campaigners under him. When, on his return to England, he almost kicked off his connection with the army as with a worn-out shoe that had done its work, no doubt the influences upon him were mixed. He had an unrivalled position in society, one which, at least till the Reform Bill began to loom in the distance, was of supreme influence both in the country and in the House of Lords. Many of the statesmen with whom he associated were suspicious of a soldier as such, and the less he appeared to bind himself up with the army, the more easy was it for him to take the high offices which almost inevitably, despite the suspicions of many of his colleagues, opened to him.

He had been in the Irish Office even before he had seen fighting, and had associated on intimate terms all his life with leading statesmen. His military career was obviously over; the largest career which opened before him was that of statesmanship. The habits of hard businesslike work which he had acquired in the field made an active career necessary to him. He was still young—only forty-six when Waterloo was fought. Probably the extent to which he threw himself into society, and preferred to be known

as a man of fashion rather than as a soldier, was at first simply due to yielding to the attractions of a life which had been always familiar and pleasant to him, all the more attractive because of long years of campaigning. Nevertheless, I feel tolerably sure that the cause which made him cut himself off from all association with his old comrades in arms, so that hardly any of them were ever to be seen at Strathfieldsaye, was something more than this. In the first place, though his culture was of a certain special kind, the wide-minded view of a man who had all his life been dealing with large questions both of politics and business, and did not represent much knowledge of the thought of mankind in other branches of life, it gave him an interest in subjects about which most of his brother officers cared very little and knew less. In the second place, when once the relations between him and his army, which began in 1812, and must have been increased by his undoubtedly just but most unpopular denunciations of the army which had won Waterloo for him, had been established, he was, as the stories of his relations with his own sons show clearly enough, not the man to take one step to clear them. But when one begins to try to produce a reasonable portrait of that massive face and to sketch, not in the colourless white in which it is ordinarily presented to us, but with the light and shade that bring out its strong features, one needs not an article but a volume. If, in trying to carry out the suggestion made to me that I should take 'Assye' as the starting-point of a paper on Wellington for the September number of this Magazine, I have been able to suggest that there are many parts of the character which deserve to be brought out in order that one of our greatest generals may be known, I have done all that I can hope to do here.

F. MAURICE.

THE IMPERIAL CORONATION AT MOSCOW.

BY THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

It is easy to mistake the significance of any ceremony, to dismiss it as so much empty show, or to account for it on grounds of policy. No one who used at Moscow the slightest power of sympathetic observation would accept either of these explanations of the ceremony of the coronation. It may be true that the form of government which Russia has inherited lends itself to display; but this display is very far from being empty of meaning. It may be true that Russia has a large Oriental frontier; but Orientals are not to be impressed by any palpable imitation of their own methods. The Russian coronation is a ceremony of great antiquity, and expresses the sentiments of the Russian people. It is an event in the history of the nation, an event of great importance, which they wish to realise in a pictorial and dramatic form, so that its full impression may be carried over the wide extent of territory which all alike is their country and is kept together under one ruler.

There are different conceptions of the State, but those conceptions range between two primary ideas—those of a family and of a joint-stock company. <Changes in a board of directors require little outward notice. Even the election of a new chairman does not call for more than a public dinner. But the accession of a new head of the national family is an event which appeals directly to every member. It awakens all the memories of the past, and kindles manifold hopes for the future.> It is a great epoch in the national life, and must be expressed with fitting dignity and solemnity. In doing honour to their new Emperor the Russian people feel that they are doing honour to themselves.

There is probably no people which has such a strong historic consciousness as the Russians. There has been no great break in their development, no new object of their common effort. They have not undergone the transformation from an agricultural to an industrial civilisation, which puts much into the background, and fills men's minds with new problems. There has been to them no sudden extension of boundaries. In their vast

plains they always knew the world was large, and that numbers of their brethren might be added to their family—brethren already like-minded with themselves. Their past history is a long record of struggles after union, which might make them strong against barbarous invaders, of untold sufferings endured with patient perseverance, of monotonous surroundings and constant conflict with churlish nature. In all this there are but two things that helped them—their Church, which bound them together and gave them courage to endure; their national leaders, who trained them into strength, drove back their foes, and welded them into a mighty nation. Indeed, there were not two but one, for Church and State are indissolubly connected. There was no ecclesiastical system with an independent head whose claims might divide their allegiance. They received their Christianity from Byzantium, not from Rome. Their ruler inherits the claims of no Holy Roman emperor crowned by a Pope, but is the representative of the rulers born in the purple chamber of the Bosphorus, who never had to divide his authority with a bishop whose sway extended beyond his realm.

All this is not mere ancient history, but is living truth to the Russian peasant. He may not be able to read or write, but he knows about his country's past. The nomadic habits of the people have always been remarkable, and have at times caused difficulties. The melancholy of a vast expanse with no natural barriers has always attracted men to ramble. The Russian peasants go on pilgrimages, men and women alike. When family ties cease to be pressing, they take their bundles on their back and their staves in their hands, and set forth to visit the holy places. Many go to the Holy Land; more to Mount Athos, passing Constantinople on the way, and gazing with longing eyes on St. Sophia's. Crowds of the less adventurous visit the monasteries and churches of Russia itself, and venerate the tombs of the saints. And these saints are not merely holy men who withdrew from the world at the call of devotion. They are national heroes, connected with some great national victory. Did not St. Sergius inspire Demetrius of the Don to win at Koulikovo in 1380 the first great battle against the Tartar hordes? The crowds of pilgrims who daily, and all day long, throng the church of the great monastery of the Troitsa, where Sergius lies at rest, know well his story and that of many another saint and hero. Kieff, Novgorod, and Moscow, all have their tales to tell, which are well learned. There can be

few villages in Russia which have not a returned pilgrim, who, sitting round the stove on the long winter nights, tells of what he has seen and heard, and weaves the story of Russia's history into the life of his hearers. The streets of Moscow were full of pilgrims who had come to see the coronation of their 'little father,' the Emperor, not as spectators of a splendid spectacle, but as assisting at a great religious rite which closely concerned their country's weal.

This strong sense of an historic past is expressed in the fact that coronations take place in Moscow, the city which is hallowed to the Russian mind as the centre of national resistance to their foes, sacrificed to Tartars, Poles, and French alike, but rising again with renewed splendour, and dearer for all that it had suffered. St. Petersburg may be the seat of Government, and the means of communication with the West; but Moscow is the abiding home of Russian sentiment, the local centre round which patriotism gathers. It is from its situation and appearance worthy to be regarded as a symbol of a nation's growth. Some one, I believe, has said that there are only two cities in the world which tell at a glance their people's history—Moscow and London. An Englishman may well pause and reflect on the different memories which gather round the two; one indicating the continuous and peaceful expansion of a people steadily growing into freedom and power, saved by its situation from foreign interference, and with communications open to all the world; the other slowly struggling into existence, as the only position of any strategical value in a country exposed to constant menace, and bearing the scars of many a bitter conflict. He cannot venture to measure a nation which had so different a past with the same rule that he would apply to himself.

The site of Moscow tells its own story. It was built on a spot where was a piece of broken ground, through which the river Moskva ran in tortuous windings, and afforded something like a defence to a triangular eminence, the broadest side of which dropped to the river. This was fortified and formed the Kremlin, or Acropolis, of a little town which gathered round it, and gradually became the centre of resistance to the Tartars. The Kremlin still lies within the line of its old walls, and round it gathered another town, the Kitai Gorod, which also keeps its walls and towers. Round these grew the modern Moscow, and the stages in its growth are still distinctly marked. You can trace the

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process of gradual expansion round a definite centre. It is this which gives Moscow its distinctive features, and marks the Kremlin with a peculiar dignity of its own. It made the great city which lies round it, and Russia grew into a consciousness of its unity by the influence which Moscow supplied. There is no place in the world whose memories are so vital for the living history of a great nation. Moreover, its buildings have not been encroached upon. The palace stands, with the arsenal and the senate house behind it. By its side are the three great cathedrals, a monastery, and rising above them all the lofty bell-tower. There are large open spaces, and from the terrace the full extent of Moscow can be seen. There is nothing to diminish the significance of the site itself or rob it of its unique interest. Nowhere are so many buildings of historical importance visible at once, and suffering from no interference.

The stranger from the West, as he gazes for the first time on this scene, feels that he has passed outside the circle of European experience, and has entered upon a new phase of culture which must be judged by canons of its own. The Kremlin Palace in itself resembles other buildings of the same kind; but the numerous churches which he can see built up within it, and the others which surround it, tell of a striking difference between East and West. There is no one mighty building which claims by its size and magnificence to be an overpowering memorial of the Christian faith. The palace has grown round churches older than itself, and has found room for them. The three churches outside are each of them small, and stand within a stone's throw of one another. Each has its own special purpose. In one the Emperors are crowned; another is set apart chiefly for marriages and baptisms; the third contains the tombs of the imperial family. Religion is regarded as inherent in man's nature, allied to his common and domestic life, something which need not be enforced from without, but which is personal and intimate. The monastery, which stands near, is simply a large house arranged as such, with no air of severity or exclusiveness. It is an abode of men set apart for worship; but their duty is only part of a common duty, and their life is part of the common life. As the eye ranges over the city beneath, it gathers the same impression. Countless little churches rise among ordinary buildings. Monasteries ring the city round, conspicuous by their tall bell-towers, and many of them girt with their old walls of defence, which tell that they

were the fortresses of patriotism in evil times. The city is gay with bright colours. Its brick buildings are for the most part washed with pale pink or blue or red. Churches and monasteries are recognisable by their clusters of cupolas, gleaming with gold or green or blue enamel. The impression is unlike anything that can be seen in Western Europe. We are in a region where architecture, the most truthful guide to the prevailing ideas on which common life is founded, betokens influences which are strange to us. We are reminded that Russian civilisation came from Byzantium, and followed a different course from ours. The West may have contributed its commodities and its ideas to the more modern buildings before us, but these have all been modified and adapted to more primitive ideas which were already firmly rooted. Nothing is more significant than the Renaissance porches appended to many churches; they are obliged to revert to early, almost barbaric, forms of ornament, and hide their origin beneath an appearance of greater antiquity.

These are outside impressions, but they serve to explain the ceremony which drew to Moscow a crowd of representatives from every part of the world. Russia, at all events, is a great force and it is well to try and understand it. No ceremony on such a scale as that of the coronation can exist merely as a ceremony. It has a profound meaning to the Russian mind as a memorial of national life. It does not take place vaguely anywhere and under any sort of surroundings. It is only intelligible with reference to its actual setting, which is a dominant element of all that actually took place. The coronation was not a series of festivities arbitrarily arranged, but was a continuous act, every part of which followed immemorial custom, and all had reference to a central idea.

First of all it was necessary that the new ruler should come to Moscow, leaving behind the modern seat of government, and recognising the historic capital with its ancient traditions. This must be done formally, after due preparation. So on Monday, May 18, the imperial family arrived by train at Moscow, and took up their abode in the Petrovsky Palace, outside the city boundary, where two days were passed in comparative privacy. In Moscow itself all was bustle and activity. The decorations were being completed, and every one was learning what part he had to play. Stages were being erected for spectators, and unsightly scaffolding was being draped into shape. On Wednesday evening all was

finished, and the people seemed to betake themselves to prayer. At seven o'clock the bells of all the churches tolled for a service, which was to last for four hours—a service of solemn prayer and intercession for the new ruler who was to enter to-morrow for his coronation. Every church was thronged with an eager and devout congregation. It was impossible to mistake the earnestness which was depicted on the faces of the throngs. The Russian is not ashamed of his religion. If the mood is on him he stops outside a church in the busy street, and bows himself in prayer. The passers-by make room for him, and it maybe cross themselves as they see him. Inside a church each worshipper indulges in such demonstration of devotion as he thinks fit or can find room for. He follows no ritual instructions, but the emotions which arise in his own mind.

It was with a solemn sense of religious duty that the main mass of the crowd gathered on the morning of Thursday, May 21, in the streets along which the imperial procession was to come. It was a beautiful sunny morning, and every house was gay with flags. I was told of a typical conversation in the crowd. One man remarked to his neighbour that it was lucky that the day was fine. 'Do you not think,' was the exalted answer, 'that the Lord knows the day on which His anointed comes to His holy place?' It was no mere pageant which the people were assembled to behold: it was an acceptance on their part of a ruler who represented to them power making for righteousness. Every street and window was crowded with spectators, when at mid-day the tolling of the great bell on the Kremlin announced that the Emperor had left the Petrovsky Palace and was on his way. Presently the bell, which had been tolling slowly, quickened into a lively peal, which was re-echoed by every bell in Moscow. Minute guns were fired, and a crash of sound rang through the air. The bells of Moscow are famous for their size and tone alike, and when all are rung together the effect is at first overpowering. It was the sign that the Emperor had entered the boundary of Moscow, and was advancing through his capital. His progress was slow, for he had to receive many signs of homage. The governor of Moscow met him at the gateway and offered bread and salt—the old symbol of welcome. Further on the municipality tendered a similar offering, and along the route were deputations representing the various elements of Russian life, who each did homage in some characteristic form. The procession itself was headed by mounted soldiers in splendid

uniforms; then came the chiefs of the Russian nobility; the Asiatic princes in the garb of their several countries; the officials of the imperial court. Before the Emperor rode a troop of Horse Guards. The Emperor rode by himself, attired in a simple uniform, mounted on a white Arab steed. At some distance behind him came his staff; then the members of the imperial family and the representatives of foreign Powers. The Dowager Empress and the Empress followed in gilded carriages drawn by six horses; after them came the ladies of the imperial family. A guard of soldiers brought up the rear.

All this was splendour such as might adorn any other royal procession, though none perhaps could bring together on so large a scale such varied elements drawn alike from East and West. In fact, this procession showed more clearly than anything else the vast scale on which everything was done. The number of horsemen, the universal magnificence, the varieties of costume were astounding. But as the Emperor approached the Kremlin the object of the procession was emphasised. At the entrance to the Kitai Gorod the Emperor dismounted and waited for the Empress. Together they entered the Iberian Chapel, which contains an ancient picture of the Virgin, regarded with peculiar devotion by the people. The Emperor was coming to the holy places, and must behave as became a devout member of the orthodox Church. But his long progress was now nearing its end. He had left the Petrovsky Palace at mid-day; it was half-past two before he reached the Kremlin, where another throng was awaiting him. In the great courtyard were erected stages in which were placed the Russian nobles, and in front of them the representatives of the various Eastern peoples under the Emperor's sway. The Ameer of Bokhara and the Khan of Khiva sat with Oriental impassiveness, clad in magnificent brocades of red and green. Roman Catholic archbishops, Armenian patriarchs, Lutheran superintendents sat side by side. Next to them were lamas from the Thibetan provinces, resplendent in yellow satin, with curious metal head-dresses, and Mussulmans from the Caucasus in more familiar attire. In the adjoining stage were Russian nuns, whose sober black costume formed a strong contrast. Beyond were rows of school-children, representing various charitable institutions. In the open square were members of industrial guilds, who sat upon the ground with patience, awaiting the arrival of the procession. In the middle of the square was a raised platform with a balustrade, running

between the three cathedrals, and outside it stood a row of soldiers on guard. The sun shone brightly, and threw into brilliant relief the groups of ecclesiastics vested in rich brocades of cloth of gold, who filled the porches of the churches. Along the platform paced the marshals of the court, in uniforms of black and white, deeply embroidered with gold lace. It was a sign that the Emperor was drawing nigh when some servants swept the red cloth that covered the platform. The incense was kindled in the censers, and the Metropolitans took their places, with crosses and icons. The cortège all dismounted, and went on foot to the churches. First came five marshals, bearing huge gilt staves surmounted with jewels. Then the Emperor advanced between the two Empresses, whose flowing trains were borne by pages. Next came the grand dukes, and behind them the grand duchesses and ladies of the imperial household. Then came the representatives of foreign princes with their suites. It was a splendid blaze of colour when they filled the platform and all the spectators had risen to their feet.

The Emperor advanced to the porch of the Cathedral of the Assumption, where he and the Empresses were first aspersed with holy water. Then they kissed the cross and greeted the Metropolitans. This was in itself a significant sign of the relations between Church and State. They clasped hands, and, each bending, kissed the other's hand at the same moment. The Emperor kissed the hand of the Metropolitan as his bishop: the Metropolitan kissed the Emperor's hand as his ruler: the recognition was simultaneous. Then the clergy and choir preceded the Emperor into the church. The bells suddenly ceased to ring, and caused a strange sense of silence, in which was heard floating through the air the strains of the *Te Deum* sung by the choir inside the church. After a brief service the Emperor reappeared, and the procession reformed itself and returned to the Cathedral of the Archangel, where the Emperor and Empresses were greeted in like manner. Here they entered the church alone, and spent a short time in silent prayer at the tombs of their imperial ancestors. Then they departed by the opposite door, and went to the remaining church, where again a few prayers were said. Now that his devotions were over, the Emperor mounted the Red Staircase leading to the Kremlin Palace, and, amid the enthusiastic acclamations of the crowd and the roar of cannon, took proud possession of the imperial abode.

Thus was accomplished the first act in a great national drama. It was the solemn home-coming of the father of his people. He came to take possession of what was his own, but was held under the sanction of the immemorial traditions of the family which he was called to rule. Those traditions were embodied in the national religion, and it was through the church that the Emperor reached his palace. The crowds along the way all had their eyes turned to the end of the Emperor's progress. When the joy-bells ceased to toll, men knew that the Emperor had entered the church, and they joined their prayers with his. No sooner had Russia received the guarantee of his acceptance of his position as held under God, than he gave the further guarantee of acceptance of the historical usages of his country by praying at the tombs of his predecessors. As the declared upholder of the principles of national life and of its continuous policy, the Emperor mounted the steps which lead to the palace where his forefathers had lived and ruled.

The day following was spent by the Emperor in the reception of envoys extraordinary. When this concession had been made to necessary courtesy, the proceedings of the coronation were resumed. The Emperor and Empress spent the afternoons and evenings of the next three days in preparation for the reception of the Holy Communion, as is customary to all members of the Orthodox Church. Moreover, they did so in a recognisable manner by withdrawing from the Kremlin Palace and spending the evenings quietly in the Alexandrina Palace outside Moscow by the Sparrow Hills. Meanwhile, each morning the coronation was proclaimed at the gates of the ancient city with all the pageantry of state. After the proclamation had been read, beautifully printed copies of it were thrown among the crowd; but such was the eagerness to obtain the precious documents, that they were generally torn in pieces by a multitude of hands, and were afterwards carefully joined together and restored to some resemblance of their original form. On Sunday, May 24, the imperial banner was blessed, with a religious service in one of the chapels of the Kremlin, and the Emperor swore allegiance to it, as any soldier would do. In fact, during those days the Emperor was solemnly discharging all the duties of an ordinary Russian subject. On Monday the regalia were brought from the Treasury and placed in readiness for use, with a religious ceremony suited to the occasion. In the evening all the churches were again crowded

with congregations, earnestly praying for God's blessing on the Emperor who was to be crowned on the morrow.

At daybreak on May 26 the Kremlin was surrounded by a serious throng, through whom those privileged to enter slowly made their way. A Russian crowd is always quiet and speaks softly; it is also orderly and kindly. There was genuine magnanimity displayed by the inhabitants of Moscow, who would say with a smile, 'We are glad that you strangers should see as much as you can; we can see very little, because we have to wait till all the guests who have come from a distance are provided for before there is any room for us.' The question of finding room for all who wished to witness the coronation would have baffled human device, and those outside the Kremlin wall had nothing to see save the arrival of guests and officials in their splendid uniforms. Inside the Kremlin the stands were rapidly filled by those who had been lucky enough to secure tickets, and every available foot of standing ground was occupied by the people. The Cathedral of the Assumption, in which the ceremony was to take place, seemed marvellously disproportionate to the preparations which were being made outside. It looked like a small chapel, and indeed only admitted the presence of some six hundred, who slowly took their places in perfect order.

Yet much of the impressiveness of the ceremony itself was due to the smallness of the building, which gave an air of intimacy to everything that was done, and harmonised with the sense of family relationship which underlay it all. The cathedral stands in the very centre of the Kremlin; and though it has been rebuilt more than once, it still occupies the old site and reproduces the ancient ornamentation. Like all Eastern churches, it seems disproportionately high. Four round pillars rise aloft, bearing the five gilded domes which surmount the pile. They, as well as all the walls and roof, are covered with frescoes painted on a gold background in the simple traditional style which has prevailed in sacred art in Russia. On the north wall is represented the life of the Virgin; on the west wall is the Last Judgment; on the south wall are depicted the Seven General Councils of the undivided Church. On the pillars are the saints and martyrs, and on the roof choirs of adoring angels. The east end shows a shallow choir, cut off by the iconostass, which rises the full height of the church, and conceals the altar, save when the central door is open. Along this screen are arranged formal rows of

pictures, one below another. Highest are ranged the Patriarchs, with God the Father in the midst; next come the Prophets, grouped round the Virgin and the Son; then are represented the chief events in the life of our Lord; below He is in glory surrounded by Angels and Apostles. On the lowest line, level with the eye, are placed the most ancient and venerated pictures: the Virgin of Vladimir, brought by the first Christian ruler from Kherson, and believed to have been painted by St. Luke; a picture of Our Lord sent by the Eastern Emperor Manuel; the death of the Virgin, painted by the Metropolitan Peter. These are all adorned with jewels of countless value; and amid the silver shrines which surround them and other pictures gleam the Royal Gates, on which are painted the Evangelists and the Annunciation. Wherever the eye wanders through the building it lights on something which aims at teaching the meaning and history of the Church, and its connection with the individual life and the life of the Russian people. There is a persistent intensity of meaning, from the influence of which it is hard to escape.

The stillness inside the cathedral, where the congregation slowly assembled, was a great contrast to the bustle outside. The ecclesiastics performed their offices of preparation for the Communion, the choir assembled, invited guests came in one by one. Then the diplomatic corps entered and took their places, the ladies on one side, the gentlemen on the other. They were followed by the special representatives of foreign courts, and the members of the imperial family, who were similarly placed. The clergy left the choir and went to meet the Dowager Empress, who was escorted from the palace beneath a canopy of crimson and gold. She was conducted to her throne against the southern pillar of the nave, next to the Emperor's throne, but a little behind. The officials who had taken part in the procession defiled through the church, where there was no room for them to stay. Next came the bearers of the regalia, which were borne in state from the Throne Room in the palace. Soon the sound of drums and trumpets announced that the Emperor was on his way. Again a body of deputies and representatives of the towns and provinces of the empire entered the south door of the cathedral, escorting the Emperor, and, after a hurried glance at the glittering throng therein assembled, passed out at the north door to join in the service in their hearts outside; a few only, to represent the peasants, were found a place among the choir. The

Emperor and Empress advanced under a velvet canopy, their path was sprinkled with holy water, and when they reached the centre of the church they bowed three times to the iconostass before mounting the steps to their thrones. The dark uniform of the Emperor and the white dress of the Empress, whose hair hung in plaits on either shoulder, were the simplest costumes in the building.

It was just ten o'clock when the ceremony was begun by the choir chanting Psalm ci.: 'My song shall be of mercy and judgment.' The clergy formed a line on either side of the iconostass; beyond them stood the Ministers of State, reaching up the steps towards the daïs which stood in the centre of the church. On each side of it were placed the imperial family and foreign princes; behind them were the ambassadors and the high officers and chief nobles of the empire, the ladies on the south side and the men on the north. Behind the imperial daïs with its three thrones, each surmounted by a canopy, the officials and nobles were ranged, on a stage which mounted up so as to afford a full view. Special favour was shown to representatives of the press, who were placed against the western wall. The church was as full as it could be, but there was no crowding nor confusion. Everything was simple and intelligible in the arrangements. There stood the Emperor in the midst of the church, surrounded by representatives of his empire and of the world, awaiting the solemn moment which was to seal the responsibility of his office.

Exquisite was the chanting of the psalm by a choir trained to admirable precision, because no accompaniment is allowed in the Eastern Church. But music is the special gift of the Russian people, who while away the long winter evenings in song, and pour into it all the melancholy and passion of their souls. Their popular music is not different from their church music; old motives are elaborated and simplified; but all is simple, melodious, and pathetic, rendered with deep feeling and the utmost care. While the voices rose and fell in solemn cadence, and struck the keynote of the solemnity that was to follow, the regalia were placed in position on a little table by the Emperor's seat. When the psalm was ended the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg stood before the Emperor and reminded him that he must profess himself before his subjects as a true member of the holy orthodox Church. He ended, almost abruptly, as to a child saying his Catechism:

'What is thy belief?' In answer, the Emperor in a loud and clear voice recited the Nicene Creed. When he had done, the Metropolitan, accompanied by all the bishops, softly said, 'The blessing of the Holy Ghost be with thee.' Very significant was this prelude to the ceremony. Great as might be the imperial claims afterwards, it was through the door of the Church that he entered upon them. The one guarantee which he gave to his people was the guarantee of fidelity to the Church of the nation.

When this had been done, the choir softly sang an invocation to the Holy Spirit. Then a deacon, with the cry 'Let us in peace pray to the Lord,' began a Litany of intercession for the Church and people, and their ruler. His magnificent bass voice rolled through the church, while the choir's response, 'Lord, have mercy upon us,' sounded like a far-off echo. The Litany ended in thanksgiving, and as the strains of the choir died away the deacon directed the congregation to what was to follow by a cry, 'Wisdom, let us attend,' the usual introduction to the reading of Scripture. Then lessons were read, one from Isaiah xlix. 13-20; another from the Epistle to the Romans, xiii. 1-7, and finally from the Gospel according to St. Matthew, xxii. 15-22. Due religious preparation had now been made for the coronation itself, and the Emperor ordered the imperial mantle to be brought. This was done by two Metropolitans, and as it was placed on the Emperor's shoulders the third Metropolitan exclaimed, 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' Again the first step in the assumption of the imperial dignity was taken under the protection and sanction of the Church, and the first sounds that fell upon the Emperor's ear afterwards was the deacon's cry, 'Let us pray to the Lord,' and the choir's response, 'Lord, have mercy upon us.' Before proceeding further the Emperor was reminded of the source of all power, and bowed his head, while the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg advanced and placed his hands crosswise on the bent head, and prayed that the symbolical acts which were to follow might not be void: 'Make Thy faithful servant, the mighty Lord Nicolas Alexandrovitch, whom Thou hast set as Emperor over Thy people, worthy to be anointed with the oil of gladness: clothe him with power from on high; set upon his head a crown of precious stone, and bestow on him length of days. Give him in his right hand the sceptre of salvation; set him upon the throne of righteousness; defend him with the whole armour of the Holy Spirit; strengthen his arm; subdue before him all warlike

barbarian peoples; plant in his heart Thy fear, and compassion towards all his subjects.' The Emperor then asked for the crown, and standing with it for a moment in his hand, placed it upon his head. It was a mighty crown of diamonds and pearls, divided into two parts, symbolising the Eastern and Western Empires; the two parts were joined by a superb ruby, from which sprang a cross of pearls. The Metropolitan addressed him: 'Emperor of all Russia, this visible and tangible adornment of thy head is a manifest sign that Christ, the invisible King, crowns thee head of all the Russian people.' In like manner the Emperor took in his right hand the sceptre, and in his left the orb of empire, and was reminded that they were symbols of the power of government. When this was done the Emperor stood for a space, clad in all the insignia of his office, the undisputed ruler of his vast dominion, crowned by his own hand, and responsible to God alone. It was a moment of incomparable dramatic effect, overpowering in its significance.

The next act came as a relief, and brought back the tense feelings of all to the simple elements of human life. The Autocrat of All the Russias could not endure his solitary grandeur. He laid down his sceptre and globe, and beckoned to the Empress, who rose and knelt before him. Taking his crown from his head he touched her forehead with it, as a token that she must help him by sharing his burden. Then he placed on her head the small diadem which was to be hers, wrapped round her the purple mantle, and fastened round her neck the collar of the Order of St. Andrew. She returned to her throne, and the Emperor, again taking the sceptre and the globe, sat in his throne, while the deacon, in tones, throbbing with exultant joy, proclaimed the imperial titles. Louder and louder rose his voice as the long list went on, till it rolled through the building and broke upon the ear in almost overwhelming waves of sound. Rarely could the majestic effect of territorial names be more distinctly recognised, or more magnificently expressed: 'To our mighty Lord, crowned of God, Nicolas Alexandrovitch, Emperor and Autocrat of All the Russias, of Moscow, Kieff, Vladimir, Novgorod, Tsar of Kazan, Tsar of Astrachan, Tsar of Poland, Tsar of Siberia, Tsar of the Tauric Chersonese, Tsar of Georgia; Lord of Pskoff; Grand Duke of Smolensk, Lithuania, Volhynia, Podolia, and Finland; Prince of Esthonia, Livonia, Curland and Semgallen, of Bielostok, Coria, Tver, Ingria, Perm, Viatka, Bulgaria and other lands; Lord and Grand Duke of Nijni Novgorod, of Tchernigoff, Riazan, Polotelsk,

Rostoff, Jaroslavz, Bielolersk, Udoria, Obdoria, Condia, Vitebsk, Mstislaff, and all northern lands; Ruler and Lord of the Iverskian, Kartalian, and Kabardinskian lands, as of the region of Armenia; Ruler of the Circassian and Hill princes and other lords; Heir of Norway; Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, Stornmarn, Ditmarsch, and Oldenburg; grant, O Lord, a happy and peaceful life, health, and safety, and prosperity in all good, victory and triumph over all his foes; and preserve him for many years.' The choir took up the refrain 'For many years,' and repeated it antiphonally till the sounds softly died away. Again the deacon began: 'To his wife, the orthodox and religious, crowned, and exalted Lady, the Empress Alexandra Feodorovna, for many years;' and again the choir repeated the good wish.

The coronation ceremony was now accomplished, and the bells clanged out and the cannon thundered, to announce the fact to the dense throng outside, who shouted out their joyful congratulations. The members of the imperial family left their places and did homage. It was pathetic to see the wistful look in the face of the Dowager Empress as she tenderly embraced her son, and both were overcome by deep emotion. Then all others in the cathedral bowed low three times to the Emperor, who stood to receive this acknowledgment of their fealty. The bells and cannon ceased, and there was profound stillness, as the Emperor knelt, and in clear earnest voice prayed for himself: 'Lord God of our fathers, and King of Kings, Who hast created all things by Thy word, and by Thy wisdom hast made man, that he should walk uprightly and rule righteously over Thy world; Thou hast chosen me as Tsar and judge over Thy people. I acknowledge Thy unsearchable purpose towards me, and bow in thankfulness before Thy Majesty. Do Thou, my Lord and Governor, fit me for the work to which Thou hast sent me: teach me and guide me in this great service. May there be with me the wisdom which belongs to Thy throne; send it from Thy holy heaven, that I may know what is well-pleasing in Thy sight, and what is right according to Thy commandment. May my heart be in Thine hand, to accomplish all that is to the profit of the people committed to my charge, and is to Thy glory, that so in the day of Thy judgment I may give Thee account of my stewardship without blame; through the grace and mercy of Thy Son, Who was once crucified for us, to Whom be all honour and glory with Thee and the Holy Ghost, the Giver of Life, for ever and ever. Amen.' Then the Emperor

rose, and all others in the church, for the only time in the service, knelt while the Metropolitan, on his knees, took up and expanded these simple petitions. All rose, and the Metropolitan, standing before the Emperor, spoke a few earnest words of greeting, after which the choir sang the *Te Deum*.

This was the end of the coronation service proper; but it was followed at once by the Communion Service, which need not be described. During the Communion of the priests, inside the sanctuary, a carpet of gold cloth was unrolled and spread between the throne and the royal gates of the iconostass. The gates were opened and two Metropolitans appeared, accompanied by two deacons, and invited the Emperor and Empress to come for their anointing and for the Holy Communion. The Emperor unbuckled his sword, for no weapon may approach the altar, and with the regalia carried before him, and his heavy train borne by eight officials, descended the steps and moved to the gate. The Metropolitan of St. Petersburg took in his hand the vessel containing the holy oil for the chrism. This oil is some of that which is carefully prepared every year for use at confirmation. With it the Metropolitan anointed the Emperor on his forehead, his eyelids, his nostrils, his mouth, his breast, and both sides of his hands, saying, 'The seal of the gift of the Holy Ghost.' The other Metropolitan wiped him with a silken cloth. Then the thunder of a hundred cannons announced to those without that this solemn rite was accomplished.

Meanwhile the Emperor stood to one side, while the Empress advanced and was anointed on the forehead only. She stood aside as the Metropolitan led the Emperor inside the gates, for the only time in his life in which he may enter the place reserved for the priests. He who had just been crowned and anointed as head alike of Church and State, was more than a layman, and, though not called to the priestly office, was admitted to priestly privileges. He entered the sanctuary and took the Holy Elements as a priest. When the Emperor returned, the Empress advanced to the gates, where the Metropolitan met her and administered the Communion according to ordinary custom. Then their Majesties returned to their thrones, and the Thanksgiving was said; after which the deacon prayed for their health and happiness, and the choir again responded, 'For many years; for many years.' The Metropolitan brought the Cross for them to kiss, and the service was now over. The Emperor assumed his regalia, which he had laid aside during

the Communion office. Again all present bowed three times in recognition that he was duly crowned and anointed. Bells and cannon again filled the air with sound as the procession left the church. The Emperor and Empress, each under their canopies, borne by high officials, with their heavy trains carried by pages, proceeded slowly to visit the other cathedrals, where the deacon again wished them health and happiness as they bowed at the tombs of their ancestors. Then they mounted the steps leading to the palace, amidst the acclamations of the mighty crowd. On reaching the balcony the Emperor turned and faced his people. It was the formal recognition of their homage, and he bowed in acknowledgment. Then the long procession passed into the palace.

It was by this time half-past one o'clock, and the strain of the long ceremony had been severe. But little rest was given to the imperial party. At half-past two there was a State banquet, according to custom, at which the Emperor dined in public. This survival of ancient times was extremely interesting, as it carried the spectator back to the old customs of monarchy throughout the world. The banqueting-hall in the palace, the Granovitaja Palata, is the most ancient part of the building, and was erected in 1491. It is a vast room, with a low vaulted roof, which makes it seem smaller than it really is. The vault rests on a square central pillar, which is formed into a buffet, and was adorned with ancient plate, of which the Russian Emperor possesses a magnificent collection. Amongst the pieces are five which are of special interest to Englishmen, as they were the gift of Queen Elizabeth to Ivan the Terrible, when intercourse was first opened up between England and Russia. The walls and vault of the room are adorned with frescoes, painted in the style of ancient ecclesiastical art; conspicuous amongst the subjects is a series illustrating the life of Joseph. The floor is of inlaid wood in floriated patterns—a kind of work for which Russia is remarkable, as its woods are of almost every shade of colour and vie in richness with marble, while they excel in warmth of tone, and are more easily arranged in flowing designs.

On one side of the hall was placed a dais, on which were three thrones, richly gilt and surmounted by a canopy. Opposite to this stood the members of the imperial court. In another corner of the room was an orchestra and a choir, who performed during the banquet. Three tables were set for the chief ecclesiastics and the high nobility of the empire. Presently the National Anthem

sounded forth, and the Emperor, with the two Empresses, wearing the regalia, and preceded by the marshals of the Court, entered and took his place upon the throne, while all bowed low before him. As soon as he was seated the dishes were brought in, and were handed from one officer to another till they reached the table, where they were placed by one who knelt. After a few minutes the Emperor called for wine, which was a signal that the Court might withdraw. They did so, bowing as they went. The guests then took their seats, and their dinner was quickly served. At intervals toasts were given by the Chamberlain, and were drunk in silence. Towards the end of the repast all the guests were presented with gold medals commemorative of the coronation, bearing on one side the Emperor and Empress, on the other side the arms of the Empire, beautifully executed in bold relief. This banquet was, as has been said, confined to representatives of the Russian nation, its highest officials in Church and State. The members of the imperial family and other distinguished foreigners were served in a gallery whence they could look down upon the scene. It is a noticeable fact that amongst the ecclesiastics were reckoned the representatives of religious bodies recognised by the State—two Roman Catholic prelates, two Lutheran superintendents, two Armenian bishops. And, though it is not my intention to speak of myself, I am bound to acknowledge the signal courtesy which was shown to the English Church by including me among the guests, though I had no claim of any kind, and was the only one who was not a Russian subject. The dinner was over by half-past four, and we all dispersed with the sense that we had been present at a demonstration of national sentiment unparalleled in its deep significance, and in the profound emotion which it expressed and created. Outward magnificence leaves the beholder interested, it may be, but unmoved; here the splendour was but an attempt to set forth in a becoming way the sentiments of a people, who wished their ruler to feel how entirely their hopes were set upon him, and who commended themselves and him alike to God's guidance and direction. (Outside the palace was still standing an eager throng, who gathered round the ecclesiastics, kissed their hands and begged their blessing.) The whole atmosphere seemed charged with a simple, childlike earnestness, and intensity of faith and hope.

The accomplishment of the coronation was a signal for popular rejoicing, and never has a crowd been entertained by a more

beautiful spectacle than the illumination of Moscow. The plan pursued was regulated by an harmonious design, which was carried out throughout the city, where the architectural features of the chief buildings were outlined by electric lamps of various colours. The chief interest centred in the Kremlin, where the long line of walls and towers, the outlines of domes and cupolas, all the strange and fantastic forms of its Oriental architecture with their wealth of detail, were painted in brilliant and harmonious colours upon the background of a perfect summer night. The delighted crowd of peasants from various quarters filled the streets and gazed with deepening delight upon a sight which surpassed all their imagination. For three nights the illuminations were repeated, and the intense enjoyment of the crowd, its perfect order, and the simple, kindly feeling which it displayed, were as interesting as the illuminations themselves.

After the coronation the Emperor and Empress spent three days in receiving congratulations from the numerous deputations sent from every quarter. In the evening of each day was provided some form of entertainment. First came a dinner, which afforded a remarkable token of the union between Church and State in Russia. At the imperial table were seated the Emperor and Empress and royal guests. Opposite to them were the ecclesiastics, the Emperor facing the oldest Metropolitan, and so on in order of dignity. The varied uniforms and dainty toilettes on one side of the table formed a striking contrast with the episcopal robes of violet, surmounted by tall head-dresses of white and black, on the other. To strangers few incidents in the festivities look more curious and picturesque. On the following evening was a reception in the palace, to which eight thousand guests were invited, and the imperial party walked through the crowded rooms, accompanied by the ambassadors, to the strains of a Polonaise, for three hours continuously, that all might have an opportunity of seeing them. On the third day an entertainment was given in the Opera House, where the appearance of the stage was eclipsed in splendour and variety of costume by the audience.

So far all had gone admirably, and the arrangements had called forth universal praise. On Saturday, May 30, the Emperor gave according to custom a great festival for the people on the Chodinsky Field. As a prelude there was to be a distribution of presents to the number of 400,000. Early in the morning the

expectant crowd rushed to the booths where the distribution was to be made, and a few moments of wild confusion caused the death of nearly 3,000 people. By some terrible irony of fate more destruction was wrought by a good-natured crowd, bent upon a holiday, than could have been accomplished by two armies engaged in battle. It is easy to be wise after the event, and to lay down ideal precautions which ought to have been taken. It is obvious that anything must be avoided which directs a mass of people towards any given point. The plainest moral to be drawn is that old customs, which grew up before the days of rapid communication, are no longer possible when railways create an incalculable crowd. In a vast treeless plain, absolutely unbroken, the direction and control of a huge multitude becomes a matter of extreme difficulty. But it is clear that they cannot be trusted to control themselves, and the ancient custom of publicly distributing doles must be discontinued. I can add nothing to the records of this grievous catastrophe; but no one could have failed to be impressed by the way in which it was universally regarded. Everyone deeply felt its sadness, but the popular sentiment would not endure that private sorrow should check the course of public rejoicing. We in England would have shrunk from any further demonstration of loyalty, and would have dispersed sadly to our homes in mourning. It was not so at Moscow. The crowd remained, scarcely abated in numbers, and awaited the coming of the Emperor at two o'clock. When he arrived he received an enthusiastic greeting. The roar of the crowd drowned the strains of the National Anthem, sung by a vast choir again and again. Hats were waved and thrown heedlessly into the air, which grew thick with the dust caused by the movements of the multitude. There was no cessation in the shouts till the Emperor withdrew to the Petrovsky Palace close by, where he entertained at dinner the bailiffs of the communes, and addressed them in words of heartfelt welcome.

The imperial entertainments were now at an end, and it was the turn for others to entertain the Emperor. I need not speak of the balls given by the French Ambassador, the Governor of Moscow, the nobility of Moscow, of the dinner at the English Embassy, and the concert at the German Embassy. These were eclipsed by a ball at the Kremlin Palace. But one ceremony remained to be performed as a necessary sequence to the coronation—a visit by the Emperor and Empress to the Monastery of the

Troitsa, situated about sixty miles from Moscow. This is the most holy place in Russia, and St. Sergius, its founder, is the most popular, because the most truly national, saint. In the dismal times of the Tartar domination he withdrew for prayer and devotion to a secluded spot, where a brotherhood soon gathered round him. The princes of Moscow, who were placing themselves at the head of a national resistance, frequently sought his advice, and he blessed Demetrius of the Don, and sent two of his monks to pray for him at the celebrated battle of Kulikova. The monastery which he founded became the centre of national independence against the Tartars, and afterwards against the Poles; it was the refuge and support of the rulers of Moscow, and had such narrow escapes from destruction that it was regarded as under the special protection of Heaven. A visit to the tomb of St. Sergius is one of the objects of every pious Russian, and no great event in the life of the imperial family is complete without a visit to the place which is fullest of lofty memories of national history. Thither the Emperor went, accompanied by a few ecclesiastics and officers of State; he went privately as an ordinary pilgrim, to confirm and renew in that quiet spot the vows which he had made at his coronation. If in the Kremlin he was surrounded by the memorials of his ancestors on the imperial throne, at the Troitsa he was led back to the lives of simple men, instinct with faith, who supplied the motive power and maintained the principles to which their ancestors had given shape, and round which the Russian nation had been formed.

I have written as one who tried to lend himself to the meaning of a great national ceremony, unique in its kind. I have written as one who tried to understand rather than to criticise. Such a ceremony cannot be measured by our standards; it was an expression of national sentiment, penetrated by a poetry and a passion unknown to us, or rather I should not say unknown, in the sense of unfelt, but such as we should not care to express in any visible form. It was an exhibition of national self-consciousness upon a mighty scale, and as such produced a deep impression on all beholders. It focussed many national characteristics, and showed a serious sense of a great national mission, with which every Englishman could feel himself in fundamental sympathy.

*MEMOIRS OF A SOUDANESE SOLDIER*¹

(ALI EFFENDI GIFOON).

Dictated in Arabic to and translated by

CAPTAIN PERCY MACHELL,

LATE COMMANDANT 12TH SOUDANESE.

WHILE I was at Vera Cruz, employed as a cavalryman, I used to carry the post between the rail-head at Paso del Macho and Cordova, and being a wakeel onbashi (lance-corporal), usually had charge of a small party of men. Originally the post had been entrusted to the Mexican irregular horsemen, but these had been so often intercepted that the General decided to try the Soudanese. Just before we started on our first expedition several postmen had been cut off and killed, so that at this moment it was practically impossible to get the letters through. So Bazaine gave orders for us to do the work, and, our bey calling for volunteers, we all stepped forward and said we were willing to go. Finally, I was selected to go in charge of five picked men mounted on the best horses of the detachment, and one evening at sunset we started off. We marched all night, taking care to keep well clear of the beaten track, and as soon as dawn came we hid in the forest. Next night we travelled on as before, and in the morning we found ourselves in the middle of an Indian village. The Indians, however, turned out to be a friendly tribe who had wandered into this hostile district, so, after giving us food and warning us that we must not stop for fear of being seen by the Mexicans, they sent us along our way. Presently we met a single Mexican, who told us that we must certainly be taken, as the whole road to Cordova was beset by horsemen. So we turned off into the wood and hid once more till night. At sunset we started again, and marched till morning, when we found the forest ended, and that far away on the great plain stretching out before us was Cordova. So we put off our disguise, and, waving a white handkerchief on a spear, we galloped in.

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The commandant was greatly pleased with our successful ride, as he had been unable to get his despatches, or to hold any communication with the base for several days.

When the entire force was assembled at Orizaba we advanced on Puebla. Halfway an advanced dépôt was formed, and Marshal Bazaine sent a letter from this place telling the Governor of Puebla that he should not be ready to commence active operations just yet, and asking for one month's armistice. The Governor of Puebla replied that he would be happy to grant two months if we required it, and that he would supply us with rations and forage too, if we liked. Next day we advanced and encountered the Puebla garrison, who had come out to meet us. After a severe struggle we were obliged to retire, losing several killed and wounded, and fell back upon Orizaba. A French cavalry regiment then came up from Vera Cruz, also an infantry regiment, which I remember was called the 'Alai Alalagôn.' Having received this reinforcement, we set out once more. When we reached the place where we had had our previous fight, Bazaine sent on to tell the Governor he was coming, and we marched at nightfall.

Towards dawn we arrived in front of Puebla, which we found to be a city surrounded by immense fortifications. Our force had previously been told off to various points of attack, some against gateways, and others with long escalading ladders to climb the walls.

My own battalion was close to the marshal himself, who fired a rocket as a signal for the general attack to begin. Then we charged together from all sides, battering down the gates and scaling the walls with our ladders. The garrison made a desperate resistance, and both sides lost many killed and wounded; but after a severe struggle, which lasted for several hours, we overcame them and entered the town.

Even then our work was by no means ended, for the rebels fought doggedly from street to street, and two hours at least must have elapsed before all was quiet and the white flag was finally hoisted as the token of surrender.

Puebla was by this time in a horrible condition, being filled with dead and dying of both sides. But all waggons and carts having been seized, they were soon employed in clearing the streets of corpses, and a short time later we pitched our camp, and after arranging for necessary outpost duty, took the rest we

needed so much. After remaining a few days at Puebla we advanced upon Mexico itself. Here we found all the arms piled, and the garrison formed up waiting our arrival to surrender. Bazaine allowed the troops to disperse, but sent the officers under escort to Vera Cruz.

After being in the City of Mexico a few days, we heard news to the effect that the chief rebel of the district, one Omerquerentes, son of Garcia, was at San Miguel. So we went out upon his tracks, but, finding nothing, went on until we arrived at a deep valley, beyond which our guides said we must on no account go. While halted in this valley we caught a strange creature, the daughter of a ghoul, which was secured and finally taken in a cage to Vera Cruz.

While we had been in the interior, many disturbances had taken place in Vera Cruz and the neighbourhood, and the population having petitioned Marshal Bazaine to let the blacks go back, we marched down once more to Vera Cruz.

During the time my company was garrisoning Tajerra, a section was sent out one day to look after the train, which had been stopped at a place called Khor Limoon, owing to the line having been destroyed at that point. I was cook to the company that month, and while I was looking after my work a Mexican came in and told our officer that a large party of the enemy's horsemen was coming down with a view to looting the train before the line could be repaired. So the officer ordered me to get on his horse and gallop away to warn the section to be on the alert. I mounted as I was, and hurried off, with nothing but my knife upon my arm, to carry out my orders.

When I drew near I saw that the shaweesh in charge of the party had evidently been warned; for he was formed up in readiness when I arrived, and almost immediately after the enemy's horsemen appeared. The shaweesh ordered me to gallop off for reinforcements, as the enemy was in considerable force; so I galloped off, and almost immediately some of the enemy turned to pursue me.

I urged my horse to his utmost, but one of my pursuers, who was mounted on a fine white horse, drew away from the remainder and rapidly gained upon me. In spite of all my efforts, this man drew closer and closer, and now I heard his companions urging him to lasso me. Presently, coming still closer, he threw his rope and caught me straight across my shoulders. Then he turned his horse, and I turned mine in order that I might not fall. But

my captor rode faster than I could, and I felt my arms pinioned into my sides until the knife I was wearing inside my elbow nearly cut into my ribs. This drew my attention to the fact that I had a knife, which I could perhaps use; so, snatching it from its scabbard with my right hand, I cut the lasso in two, and went on my way towards the fort. My enemy also turned and endeavoured to follow me; but by this time the fort was near, and, my comrades coming to my assistance, the enemy retired.

Another day a few of our horses were grazing close outside the fort, and four of our men were out in charge of them. Nearly all our duty at this time was by night, and we used to sleep as much as possible during the day. A band of rebels suddenly descended upon our horses and killed Abd el Seed and Mahomed Simbel, two of our men who were looking after them, and took Idrees Sandalobeh and Rizk Tamrow prisoners. The sentry on duty in the fort gave the alarm, but by the time we turned out the horses were gone and the men killed.

One night while I was at Vera Cruz I was on guard over the Porte Mexique. Barak Ahmed, who was only the other day discharged from the 10th Soudanese Battalion, was on sentry, and was suddenly set upon by a Mexican with a knife. He was a powerful man, and succeeded in preventing his assailant from doing him any injury. But as the guard turned out, this man succeeded in making his escape. Presently it came to my turn to relieve Barak Ahmed on sentry, and I took his place. The night was very dark and it was raining heavily, so I determined to take every precaution against being surprised. Straight in front of my post was a large palace, and high up a small window with a light in it. Presently I saw someone looking out of this window. Shortly after a door below was opened and a man came out. One of our men had already been killed while on sentry in Vera Cruz, and our orders were to fire at once upon any person who we believed had the intention to attack us. But I feared wasting my shot in the dark and then placing myself at my assailant's mercy, as he would be upon me before I could reload. So I pretended to be asleep, and when the man came quite close I drove the butt of my rifle into his chest. He was a very big strong man and seized me; but I resisted with all my strength, and we struggled together until the guard came to my rescue and seized him. We found that this man had a long sword underneath his cloak, besides a pistol and knife. Next day it was

proved that he had killed the former sentry some time before, besides another soldier, a Martinique negro. So his house was destroyed and all his property confiscated, he himself being sentenced to death. Before he was executed he made a special request to be allowed to see the man who had taken him prisoner, and I went to see him in prison. I was given a reward of 10*l.*, and each of the guards received a smaller amount in recognition of his services.

After we had spent some three or four years in Mexico, orders came for us to return to Egypt. We stopped at Toulon on our way, and all who were strong enough were taken up to Paris. Here we stayed nine days, and were sent in squads in charge of French non-commissioned officers to see the sights. Finally a great review of the troops who had been in Mexico was held, and we all paraded for the inspection of the Emperor Napoleon.

Shaheen Pasha had been sent from Egypt to meet us, and he now acted as interpreter to the Emperor, who called out some of our names from a list, and said a few kind words to each as he came to the front. Napoleon addressed us all generally through Shaheen Pasha first, and then called up those of us who were on the special list one by one. He said he was very much pleased with all our gallant conduct and hard work in his service in Mexico, and, while lamenting the loss of those who had not returned, welcomed the survivors and wished us all success. Every non-commissioned officer and man was promoted one step in rank on the spot, and thus I became a *bash shaweesh* (company sergeant-major). We all received the medal for the Mexican campaign, and I myself was specially brought forward to receive the gold decoration '*Pour Valeur et Discipline*.' The Emperor told us through Shaheen Pasha that my name had been specially submitted to his notice on account of my bravery in many actions and my steady devotion to duty, so he now himself pinned upon my jacket the insignia of the highest honour he could confer upon a good soldier. Whenever I was wearing this decoration in the streets of Paris, guards and sentries presented arms as I passed. Returning to our ship at Toulon, we proceeded to Alexandria, and thence to Toora, near Cairo, where we were embodied into the 2nd Alai (regiment), under command of Almas Bey, who had been our commander in Mexico. Soon after this we were ordered to Massowah, which was being handed over by the Turks to the Egyptian Government. We remained there some four years, our head-

quarters being at Massowah, with one battalion at Kofeet and one at Kassala. During this period the expedition of the English against the Abyssinians was in progress, and my company went for about a year to Arafale, where we were employed in collecting the tax on salt. When the English troops finally left, all the remaining stores, of which detachments of our regiment had been in charge at Zulla, were sent to Aden; we were all reassembled at Massowah, and after a short time returned to Egypt. We were encamped at Ras el Wady (Tel el Kebir) first, and then went to Toora again.

One battalion was now formed of the oldest men in the regiment, for garrison duty as follows:—

Three companies at Massowah, three at Tokar, and two at Taka. The remaining three battalions were ordered respectively to Senheit, Taka, and the 2nd, my own, to Amedeb.

Embarking at Suez, we landed at Suakin and marched on foot, *via* Sinkat, Odé, and Bicha, to Kofeet, where we stayed a month, until Ali el Deen Pasha, the deputy of Munzinger, the Governor-General, arrived and proceeded with us to Amedeb, which was a post upon the Abyssinian frontier. Geera, Galabat, and Senheit were other posts along the same line, and the natives of this country were the Barea, who were very fierce and resented our presence among them. We had strict orders never to go any distance from camp on this account, and a Turkish bashi-bazouk who disregarded this order one day soon after our arrival was immediately stabbed.

Our camp was pitched in as good a defensive position as we could find, and a very strong zeriba was made all round. Presently our women, who always contrived to accompany us everywhere, began to find their way up, and by degrees we built our huts and settled down. We collected taxes from the Barea, and out of the goods we took in kind, the women made materials for our clothing. All our rations were supplied locally, and nothing came from Egypt. The uniforms were made up at Kassala; the officers wore red slippers and the men sandals. The first expedition on which I started after coming to Amedeb, was against the Baseh of Gebel Samero, who revolted and refused to pay their taxes, killing one of our men who was on duty in their district. The native trackers having reported the village to which the guilty Baseh belonged, we marched out one night and attacked them at dawn. They made what resistance they could, but we shot down large

numbers, sacked the village, and made many prisoners. These Baseh women wore a great deal of jewellery, and often when our men could not disengage the bracelets as fast as they wished, they would hack off the arm or leg to which the coveted ornament was attached.

I remember on one occasion the inhabitants of the Dembadere, belonging to Sheikh Belai, of the Barea tribe, made a sudden descent upon the Government flocks, and killed four of our men who were in charge. A party of us was sent out in pursuit, and soon came up with them. When they saw that escape was impossible, they killed all the cattle and fled. We pursued them and destroyed their village.

Once we got news from Samere that the Abyssinians were coming down upon us, so, parading eight companies strong, we marched to where we heard they were. Soon we heard that they had retired in the direction of the Gash, after plundering all the Barea they had met. Presently we came up with the Abyssinians, who had many horsemen, and numbered upwards of 3,000 all told. We were only 700 strong, but we attacked vigorously and beat them, taking a great many of their horses.

Another tribe which revolted was that of the Segelogedad, and I was among the number of the force sent out to reduce them. We set out in the night as usual, and attacked at daybreak. But the mountains were terribly steep, and we received such rough treatment, owing to the large rocks which were continually rolled down on us, that we were finally beaten off and had to retire. Presently we brought a gun part of the way up the hillside, and, under cover of its fire, succeeded in driving them out.

I might go on for ever relating my reminiscences of the numerous little expeditions upon which we were continually engaged, but there was great similarity between them, so I will only mention a few which I can remember best.

The inhabitants of Gebel Amassa required to be punished, and we were twenty-two days at work in their mountains before we succeeded in taking all their sheikhs prisoners, and collected all their property. These Arabs lived in deep caves in the rocks, and could not be got out except by hunger and thirst. All the likely boys and women were taken back with us to Amedeb and sold as slaves in the different Moudiriyeh towns.

An affair which subsequently caused us a great deal of work was the desertion of an onbashi (corporal) of our batta-

lion, who, considering that he had been oppressed by his officer, went off to a neighbouring mountain, and collecting a number of Barea and Baseh Arabs round him, arranged a successful scheme for stealing arms and ammunition from the camp, and then worked his Arabs up till they became as formidable as soldiers. He made a fort in a very strong position, and commenced a series of raids against the property of the Gadein, the Sebderat, the Beni Amer, and the Shukrieh. Presently the Governor of Kassala sent orders for Gebel Gogeh to be reduced, so we marched out six companies strong and surrounded the mountain. Soon we found we could get no higher, as there was only one path up to the top, and that was very narrow and filled with obstacles. The women in the fort were all screaming at us by this time, and shouting to our commander that he had better take his soldiers away, for if we came any further we should all be killed. Seeing that it was impossible for the battalion to go on, I went to the commandant and said we must either go back or send a selected party on while the rest remained in support. He said the latter course would be useless; but I saw it was our only chance, so called to Gilo Ayed, who is at present the oldest bugler in the 12th Battalion, and who was my bugler that day, to take my horse and give me his rifle and bayonet. Then, taking another bugler and twelve picked men with me, I climbed round the reverse side of the hill, and then we crawled up unobserved until we could see straight into their position. Taking a steady aim, we fired and dropped four of them, at the same time sounding the bugle for the rest of the battalion to come along. Two more were killed, and then the Baseh made for me and my party. We fired as fast as we could and withdrew slowly, until luckily the remainder of my company, which had followed me without orders, came up and kept them off until the battalion succeeded in reaching the top. The rebels mostly took refuge in their caves, and we were some fifteen days clearing them out. The onbashi himself succeeded in making his escape, but all who fell into our hands were killed. One of our men, a big, strong Soudanese named Someet, acted as executioner, and as the rebels were driven out of their hiding-places they were taken to him to be beheaded. Their heads were finally arranged in rows in a conspicuous position upon the hilltop, and, having collected all their property, we returned to Amedeb.

Once I was sent out in charge of fifty men to punish the

Baseh of Gebel Afle, near Senheit, who had been looting and generally oppressing the Beni Amer. On my way I met a sheikh of the Barea, one Halibai, who said it was impossible for one to go on with only fifty men, as the Baseh had been collecting for the last three days and were now assembled in strength at Afle. However, I told him I had been sent out to punish these people, and my orders must be obeyed. So I went on my way, taking with me four men, with whom the sheikh provided me in case I wanted to send messengers to him from time to time. We arrived at the foot of the Afle mountain at about noon, and as soon as we began to climb up, the sheikh in charge of the men who had been sent us as messengers, Bekhit Wad Kokan, became alarmed and went back. I now gave over my horse to one of the men, and taking his rifle, led the way. We encountered a number of obstacles, and eventually found the Arabs formed up on the hill-side waiting for us. As we advanced, they danced and yelled, and opened a straggling fire upon us, killing one of our men. As we moved up, however, they retired before us, leaving their village in our hands to be burnt. Following them up, we presently came to another village of the same tribe, but here the inhabitants came out and begged for mercy. I said I would spare their lives if they would hand over all the camels and the children they had stolen from the Beni Amer, and this they readily promised to do. Next morning they gave us over all complete, with the exception of ten camels which they said they had eaten. I sent news on ahead to tell them at Amedeb that all was well, and on our return the people came out to meet us, and the commandant told us he was much pleased with the way in which we had carried out our mission.

Once I was sent with 100 men under our yousbashi from Amedeb to Amassa, and thence to Analeh near Geera, to settle with a certain Sheikh Hammad who had been giving trouble. We were to give him an opportunity of paying his arrears of taxes first, so coming upon a pool of water under a mountain in the neighbourhood of Hammad's dwelling-place, we camped alongside of it, and sent a Jali trader, Moosa by name, to ascertain whether he intended to submit or to fight. Hammad sent back word to say he would come in to us the following morning, and when he arrived he explained to the yousbashi that he was not in revolt, but that it was impossible to bear up against the persecution of the Shaggieh tax-gatherers, who wished to leave him nothing. A

report of this was sent to Amedeb, and, after proceeding to reduce one of Hammad's tribes which had refused to submit to his demands, we returned to headquarters.

An expedition being required to proceed against the Samereh mountain, I was sent in charge of twenty-three men and a bugler, with 100 camels, to Alummo, where I assembled the Samereh sheikhs and gave them their instructions. Next morning they brought us in food and supplies, when suddenly their cogyoor treacherously let loose his bees upon us, so that we were compelled to fly in utter confusion. Finding, however, that the Samereh took no advantage of our condition, we eventually rallied, and it was decided that I should return and desire the cogyoor to call in his bees, which he did, and we returned to our camp. Next morning I sent out two small parties to begin the collecting of taxes. One of these parties, while resting in a village, was suddenly fallen upon by the Samereh and killed. On going to the spot we found their bodies, and seeing that the Arabs were too strong for us to be able to punish them as they deserved, the yousbashi sent into Amedeb for reinforcements. Presently 300 men under a bimbashi arrived, and next night we started for the spot where our men had been killed, some of our number going round by Alummo under the yousbashi. At about dawn we fell upon them together, driving them out and destroying their village. Ahmed Hegag, sheikh of the Gadein, uncle of Ahmed Awad, now chief of the Arab police at Tokar, told the bimbashi that this was a dangerous place to stop in, and another man, a Baseh, came and told us that the Abyssinians had been all round a day or two before. So we strengthened our zeriba, and two days later, at dawn, the enemy fell upon us, some two or three thousand strong, under the chief Ras Dakesh Mengascia. As we fell in we found ourselves surrounded by the Abyssinians on all sides, and we fought from inside our zeriba until noon. The enemy had some single- and double-barrelled guns with them, and besides firing, kept charging right up to our line. But about noon they drew off, and as I knew they would return before long, I asked to be allowed to go out with a few men and see what their movements were. The bimbashi having agreed, I went out, and the whole of the men, with the exception of the two gun detachments, came out after me. The bimbashi, seeing himself left almost alone, sent to tell me to come back; but I took no notice, and the men refused to leave me, saying they would not be killed

like fowls. Soon, advancing stealthily, we came upon the Abyssinians, who were some of them sleeping and some washing their clothes. Making a sudden rush upon them, we drove them out of their camp, which they left standing. Then we followed them up and killed stragglers for some time, finally returning to their now empty camp about nightfall. The bimbashi sent news of this into Amedeb and asked for further assistance. As soon as reinforcements, consisting of thirty horsemen and fifty footmen of the Gadein, arrived, we started off upon the Abyssinians' tracks. We found they had looted Gebel Fodeh, and gone up to the Gash, so here the bimbashi said we had come far enough; but I said it would never do to leave them, and eventually it was decided to send the artillery back on account of the difficulty of moving the guns in the country which lay in front of us, and to march on with the remainder of the force. Sheikh Kulluko of the Kineseh mountain provided us with a guide, who was securely tied between two of our men so that he might not escape, and we went along upon the Abyssinians' tracks all through the night, until, before dawn, the bimbashi halted us in a narrow defile. Suddenly we heard a dog bark. Our camels rose up and a scare took place, in the course of which many men discharged their rifles and several were wounded. My own horse bolted and took away my sword on the saddle. The Abyssinians heard this firing and knew that we were close, so when we advanced and came upon them after daybreak, we found them all prepared and awaiting us in a strong position. We charged and did our best, but were beaten back with loss. Forming our men up under cover, we rallied them and begged them to do their duty. Amedeb was now far away, and if we were defeated we must all perish. So we attacked again with great vigour, and this time drove the Abyssinians from their position, and Ahmed Hegag, with his thirty horsemen, followed them up for a long way. After burying our dead, some thirty in number, and after securing as much loot as possible, we set off on our return journey to Samereh. In this fight Dakesh Mengascia's own horse was taken, and his saddle, which was richly chased with gold, was sent by Rashid Pasha to the Khedive. Also seventy horses, eighty mules, and sixty donkeys were seized. Fifteen of our wounded died after we returned to Amedeb. The bimbashi was promoted kaimakam (lieutenant-colonel) and transferred to Fashoda.

The following year we engaged in an expedition against Sheikh Ali Wad Shata, of Moghreb, and about this time the mudir

of Taka, Ragab Bey, was relieved by Rami Bey, a Turk from Berber. This new Governor was very severe, and when Sheikh Said Wad Kakashesh, of the Baseh, revolted, he caused the expedition which was sent to enforce order to annihilate the entire tribe.

The Gadein between Kassala and Amedeb next refused to obey the Government, cutting the telegraph and killing all Government employés they caught. Ali el Deen Pasha, the Governor-General of the Eastern Soudan, ordered a strong force to be sent up with special instructions from Cairo to kill the whole of the Gadein tribe. So troops from Amedeb, Taka, Senheit, and Geera, together with Beni Amer, Shukrieh and Halengas, massed at Muquam, midway between Kassala and the Gadein headquarters, and when all was ready we advanced into their country.

In the fight which ensued, the Gadein horsemen charged brilliantly again and again, their chiefs, in full chain armour, striving to capture our battery of artillery, and some of them hacking at the guns with their swords. Eventually they could charge no more, and we were so full of admiration of their behaviour that we could not carry out the orders which we had to kill them all, and when Ahmed Hegag, their sheikh, came in to tender his submission, the Khedive decided to pardon them, and restored their property to them.

Other expeditions on which we were engaged about this time were those of the Gebel Dumbelaz, on the Abyssinian frontier, and of Gebel Ondürük.

I remember the great Sayid Hassan el Morghani of Kassala uttering prophecies which were generally ridiculed then, but which are rapidly being justified as events go on. Sayid Hassan was the father of Sayid Ali el Morghani, who was at Suakin with us, and who is now so greatly respected as the representative of this powerful section of Moslems.

Sayid Hassan was undoubtedly possessed of second sight, and I implicitly believe him to have been a Ragil Kashif, *i.e.* a man who could penetrate the mysteries of the future. Wild and improbable as his prophecies must have appeared to most of those who heard them at Kassala, yet his every utterance was received with profound respect, and gradually we saw one after another of his statements borne out by facts.

The burden of the Morghani's prophecies was that evil times were in store for the Soudan. He warned us all 'El marah illi towlid ma takhodhash' (Take not unto thyself a wife who will bear thee children), for a crisis is looming over the near future of the

Soudan, when those who wish to support the Dowlah, or Government, must fly, and they will be lucky if they escape with their lives. Kassala would be laid waste four times, and on the fourth or last occasion the city would begin to live once more.

Mahomed Noor, who was emir of Kassala at that time, openly ridiculed these prophecies; upon which the Morghani replied that all he had foretold would undoubtedly come to pass, but that, as Mahomed Noor had but a very short time to live, and would die a violent death, he would not have an opportunity of seeing it himself. Being pressed to say upon what he based his prophecies regarding the emir's death, he said that his end was near, and that Mahomed Noor and his son would shortly be killed by the Abyssinians on the same day. The flame of fitna or insurrection would not first appear in the Soudan, but the fire would be kindled in Egypt itself. Then the whole Soudan would rise, and the people would not be appeased until the land had been deluged in blood and entire tribes had disappeared off the face of the earth. The work of re-conquest and re-establishment of order would fall upon the Ingleez, who, after suppressing the revolt in Egypt, and gradually having arranged the affairs of that country, would finally occupy the Soudan, and would rule the Turk and the Soudanese together for a period of five years. The idea of the Turk being ruled by anyone was received with special incredulity, and on his being pressed to explain who and what these mighty Ingleez were, he said they were a people from the North, tall of stature and of white complexion. The English regeneration would place the Soudan upon a better footing than it had ever been on before, and he used to say that the land at Kassala between El Khatmieh and Gebel um Karam would ultimately be sold for a guinea a pace. The final struggle for the supremacy in the Soudan would take place on the great plain of Kerrere, to the north of Omderman; and, pointing to the desert outside Kassala, which is strewn with large white stones, he said: 'After this battle has been fought the plain of El Kerrere will be strewn with human skulls as thickly as it is now covered with stones.' When the Soudan had been thoroughly subdued, the English occupation would be extended to Abyssinia. Then there would no longer be dissension between the people of that country and the Egyptians, who would intermarry freely, and would not allow the difference in their religion to remain a barrier between them.

(To be continued.)

THE FATE OF DUBOURG.

It is difficult to know, or even to imagine, what awful sufferings individuals may have undergone at the arbitrary will of tyrants in the impenetrable past; but of celebrated sufferings that come within the knowledge of an ordinary man, the fate of the Comte de Castellane, called Dubourg, stands out as the most excruciating and horrible. It stands out, too, in the terrible extent to which the punishment exceeded the offence. A very large proportion of summer tourists have seen the neighbourhood of St. Malo. A more beautiful and interesting one is not to be found within reach of our shores. And amid all the rocks on which its summer seas break so enchantingly, what more beautiful object is there, more fairy-like in its dim distance, than the Mount of St. Michael, as seen from the public gardens of Avranches?

How faintly flushed, how phantom fair,
Is Mont St. Michel hanging there!

So we may slightly adapt the late laureate's words. But the rock that looks so airy and delicate, topped with the exquisite coronal of its monastery-fortress and chapel, has witnessed unnumbered scenes of prolonged and hopeless anguish, as one of the sternest of mediæval prisons. And among vague and nameless horrors, the fate of Dubourg stands forth definite and unapproachable. He was a Dutch journalist who had had the temerity to provoke the anger of Louis XV.'s powerful mistress, the Marquise de Pompadour, by composing and publishing a few verses which spoke satirically of her failings. This gifted woman cultivated all the arts, but never forgot an injury. She was not satisfied till her royal paramour had promised her that the man should be seized at any cost. And in defiance of the law of nations he was seized by the emissaries of Louis XV. while sleeping on a ship in the harbour of The Hague. He was taken by sea to the fortress rock of St. Michel, which lies disconnected from the land in the wide sandy bay of Avranches. It is still an isolated place, and was then as an unknown land. The whole of the rocky island is occupied by a monastery-fortress, the architecture of which is as delicately

magnificent as the stronghold is horrible in its defiance of escape. At low tide sand stretches for miles on every side but one, where the sandy channel dividing the rock from the shore is about half a mile across. The tide rises with astonishing rapidity across the sands, and comes lapping and slushing round the rocky walls. One can imagine the unhappy prisoner brought there after his long round in the vessel from the Dutch coast. At all hours and seasons the contrast between the beauty of the scene and majesty of the building, and his own irreversible doom, must have been terrible. One cannot know if at such a time it would enhance the suffering, but it strikes terribly to the heart in thinking of it. Nothing is more awful as an adjunct to scenes of historic misery than the uniform calm beauty of nature. And if it should have been evening when he was lifted and pulled and dragged by unrelenting hands from his close quarters in a wretched vessel, through the first strong gate of the fortress near the shore, terrible must have been the contrast. We think of the long wet sands flushed, just as now they are flushed, by the sun that sets behind the Rocher de Cancale and the distant rocky bay of St. Malo, and strikes across to the towers of Coutances and the high-lying buildings of Avranches; and of the coronal of fortress and chapel above him lit up by the flaming gold. But the first strong gate passed, there would be nothing but stairs, stairs, stairs, and a despairing sense that the outside world has disappeared. Some of us remember the look of agony on Fechter's face when he was arrested on his wedding day in the first act of *Monte Cristo*. The actor had reproduced the consciousness of a man who knew his age, and knew what was coming.

Then, at the top of many stairs, he passes within another strong door, hustled and bound between his warders, and he is in a guard-room. There, perhaps, the advent of a new prisoner would even be received with coarse jesting by the men on guard; for such is man when brutalised by the custom of his office. The hand of the less occupation hath the daintier sense. There he would vaguely learn that he was bound for the cage; and the date and hour of his entry, and the particulars of his reception, would be taken down, and the papers of identity that came with him would be received. From this moment he existed not. But, strange to say, and awful to contemplate is the tenacity of his strength, for rather more than eight years from that moment of agony his trembling nerves, the delicate membrane of his flesh, his capacity

for hope, his human inability to abandon it, his power to receive the impressions of terror, of awful nervous expectation, of horrible waiting for rare visitations which took hours and hours to come after he had begun to wait for them, existed. And his capacity for feeling cold, intense eating cold, existed, and for absorbing the impression of revolting smells, and for suffering the untold terrors of prolonged lonely darkness, and for listening with exaggerated intensity under such conditions to the moaning of the winds, and to the slushing of the waves which rose at times to the level of his dungeon. Under such conditions ! Under what conditions ? Facts are not unwholesome, and I will try in the quietest way to set them down.

But about six weeks from the date of that evening reception, allowing for the slow march of news in those days, what also happened before the Comte de Castellane, called Dubourg, was finally expunged from the memory of men, and left alone with his own awful and infinite capacity for eight years of suffering ? About that time a confidential official, entering the boudoir of the refined and highly gifted Marquise de Pompadour, would apprise her of a welcome fact. Her light versifying satirist, writing the *vers de société* of his day in such sort as to raise a smile against her, had been indeed seized. A brightness of satisfaction would light those refined features. That, at least, was well ; where was he ? He had been placed in the iron cage ; the messenger had seen him there. That was well ; and two lines of vindictive hardness would develop on her face, passing diagonally downwards from the corners of the elegant mouth. And orders had been given of the strictest, that under no circumstances should the man ever again, under any pretence, emerge living from behind those bars. ‘ Show me the orders,’ she would say. The copied orders would be shown to her, and again would come upon the fair face the hard concentrated smile. Then, perhaps, after a little description of the details of the man’s place of torment, the messenger would be dismissed. Then might succeed a reverie of satisfaction. Then immersion in a variety of state pleasures and occupations : for many labours of refinement, and elegant supervision of public arts, occupied that light-living but not brutalised woman. From time to time, doubtless, and for a little while, in the watches of the night the memory of her revenge would come not unsweetly to her. And then Dubourg would be utterly forgotten ; it is believed that he *was* forgotten. Her sustained vindictiveness to Latude makes it im-

probable, but it is possible, that had not ill-health and anxiety for herself made the Pompadour forget Dubourg, he might have been released, or his misery at least relaxed. But he was forgotten, or deliberately pursued with vindictiveness, and he lived on; and how did he live?

He was taken at once with such clothes as he had on when landed from the vessel, and hauled from the guard-room down several flights of steps till he came to a short stone passage, about fourteen feet long and four feet wide, on a level with the sand and sea, one end of which is guarded by a heavy door, and the other closes, without window, in the solid external rock of the fortress. At the right-hand side of this passage as you enter, and about half-way up it, is an opening which can best be described by suggesting three comparisons. At the end of many dining-rooms is a solid piece of furniture, of which the centre space is hollow, and in this central hollow is generally a cellarette to contain wine. This central hollow would represent the opening, except that its upper surface is, in the case of Dubourg's den, semicircular. If you place yourself opposite most modern fireplaces, the upper outline of the grate is semicircular, and the space contained by the flat base of it and the semicircular top would about represent the poor man's cage. The depth of the cage from the passage into the wall is about four feet. Again, most people have seen a mediæval tomb level with the floor of an old church. In these tombs the lower space has generally a semicircular outline, or, at least, the outline of an arc, and in the space is a recumbent figure. This would represent Dubourg's accommodation, with this difference, that he could neither lie down, nor stand up, nor sit upright, without crouching; in each attitude he must huddle himself up. I suppose the dimensions of the cave, which is entirely of stone, are about four feet four inches in length, four feet or less in depth, and something under three feet at the highest point of the arc. The front part of the cave, level with the passage, was filled up with heavy wooden bars, through which things could be passed, but rendering escape impossible. It was never an iron cage, though so called, and the wood lattice has been destroyed, leaving merely the stone opening in the passage. Some royal princes visited the château under their tutoress, Madame de Genlis, and in boyish indignation at the cruelty called for hatchets, and assumed the authority to cut away the wooden lattice work, which they did on the spot. The incident is a picturesque one, and we

can sympathise with the warm-hearted boys. It would have been asking too much of officials sixty or seventy years ago to suppose them intervening to question the authority of princes. But it is a thousand pities that they were allowed to do as they liked. Any authentic record of old-fashioned tyranny should be preserved, and there never was better occasion for the use of Byron's powerful words

Let none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God !

Dubourg was always entirely in the dark, except when his gaoler came to him. There was a chink in the outer wall, through which it happened that in the circling of the mighty cosmos a ray of light fell into the passage during one hour of the twenty-four. The cell is, I believe, slightly below the level of the sands and the sea, so that this ray must have come from above and smitten diagonally downwards. There is now a window at the end of the passage, but it was not there in Dubourg's time.

In the outskirts of the fortress there is now a waxwork museum, representing some of the scenes of suffering and of pageantry which occurred in it. These exhibitions are tawdry ; but when, as in this case, dimensions are faithfully kept, they are most useful to the imagination ; and his wax effigy helps to recall the sufferings of Dubourg. Conceive the man with his clothes gradually rotting upon him from the awful cold and the damp ; conceive all that is involved in their never being changed, and in his clinging to them still, because they alone stood between him and cold. The horrors cannot be written. His fare was probably little beyond the meagrest bread and water. Conceive his awful and hopeless and long-continued howlings in the night, and in the day, for day was as night to him. Yet one thinks that even in that dark depth the genial presence of day must in some way have marked itself off from night's solemn gloom to ear and to the mental eye. Think of his long-continued and unavailing¹ prayers ; the cursing rage, the attempt at forgiveness for the sake of inward peace ; let us hope the indifferent calm before long succeeding. Then his life was a long-continued battle with rats ; perhaps it was the excitement of this that kept him alive for eight years. This may well have been the case, for it must have been a war of real interest, and tending to increase the circulation. Perhaps he

¹ I refer only to the fact of release.

occasionally caught them and ate them. I do not write this as a horrible jest. It may have been so, and it may have prolonged his life. At all events, that awful life was prolonged for more than eight years; and at last he was largely eaten by rats before he died. As rheumatism and weakness increased, he could not fight them off, and they ate his toes and portions of his flesh before his spirit left its tenacious frame. It cannot but increase the awfulness of Dubourg's fate to the contemplation, to remember the process of the seasons and the suns around that tiny but all too conscious prison-house. For more than eight years the deep gloom of the brief January day gradually lengthened and softened into spring; the sun came earlier over the high cathedral of Avranches that the revolution was to level; it found more leaves in the lonely convent garden there to warm into verdure. It blazed warmer over the bright expanse of pale gold sand, now bare, now rapidly covered with its thin carpet of wave; it sank later and with fuller radiance behind the Rocher de Cancale, and the hundred rocks on which the white waves feather themselves into foam towards St. Malo. And then, again, the year sank into 'the darksome hollows,' and the sea was noisier and boomed more awfully above the dark prison, and the dim consciousness of prevailing night was longer. Nor does the indifferent beauty of nature alone add to the horror. Perhaps the most terrible contrast lay in the nearness and in the prevailing ideas of man. If the stronghold was a fortress, it was also a monastery; and it was in its origin and in its essential idea a monastery. But being such a strong place, it became a seat both of ecclesiastical and political justice, and I suppose the powers forced prisoners upon the monks; and whether the monks had any wish to protest or not, and it does not appear that they had, state prison and monastery flourished together. The legend of the fortress attributes its building and its beauty to the saintliness of a saint and to the interposition of Heaven. And the collocation is striking, for far above the cell of poor Dubourg the soft tones of convinced and unbroken worship and prayer rose to the winds and to the sunlight, from one of the most faultless of mediæval basilicas. And on the western side of the island, gazing ever upon the morning sea, or upon the magnificent mystery of sunset along a distant shore and among the rocks, walked the quiet monks, assured of Divine truth, and conscious of little that was not interpreted in the silence of nature. They walked in one of the most beautiful

of mediæval cloisters, high placed, open, fronting the west, clear and sunlit, above the wave and the sand and the low-lying shore. Did they know Dubourg was below? They knew, at least, that others were below, under vague accusation, after vague trial. You may say that they were politically helpless; it is, perhaps, historically truer to say that they were conscious of no helplessness, for the time of the questioning of these things was not yet. The system by which the King was there was part of the system by which they were there; the powers that be were not to be questioned; it is scarcely conceivable that they wished to question them. They were more or less unconscious parts of a solid whole.

Oh, summer tourists, happy in small outlay and noisy laughter, linger lovingly by St. Malo! Gain health for foggy Fleet Street struggles by its rocks, its grand ramparts, its quiet tomb of Chateaubriand, its long jagged sweeps of coast. But go, and go alone the while, to the public gardens of Avranches when the dropping sun faces you, and leaves St. Michael's Mount like a little gem of gold between you and him; and when the slate roofs of the convent lie peaceful behind you, and the big white datura flowers are hanging their bells by the path; and when the bourgeois of a quiet country town find time for a chat with womanfolk after office hours, before the evening *table d'hôte*; there think of the little five-feet-long body, that contained a capacity for an unequalled misery of eight years in poor Dubourg; think of the good monks, with their inward spiritual struggles and manly obedience, and their unconsciousness of his wrong; and contrast the sweet shore and sunset with immorality in high places and vindictive irresponsible power.

CHARLES SELBY OAKLEY.

THE FRINGE OF THE DESERT.

PUT me up? Of course he would. Two days? Two years! Why not?—Why go away at all? There was nothing that he could not supply. Bring a horse from Alexandria? *Nom d'un nom d'un nom!* when he had Arab mares by the dozen, mules by the score, camels by the hundred! And the little man, finding no words to describe his Eden, broke into an improper ditty, upset his cognac on the table, wrung my hand and was off into the Place des Consuls, his rotatory cane dividing the crowd like Excalibur itself.

Nevertheless, when a few days later I proceeded to take him at his word, I had with me not only a horse but a servant and eke some little camp necessities—for not for nothing have I made a pilgrimage to Tarascon! A dislocated omnibus train put us down at a shed and a sandwalk on the eastern edge of the Mareotic marshland, and we addressed ourselves to a five hours' ride. It was a gorgeous morning, luminous with the prodigal luminosity of fair spring weather in Egypt, and cool breaths stole up from the Lake as midday drew on. The path led through cultivated lands, and among hamlets, standing high on their own accumulated ruin, until the noontide halt beneath a stunted palm; but when we remounted, it was to push into a wilder region, a doubtful amphibious tract where man maintains equal combat with sand and water. If here he has won a long, flat stretch, embanked and washed it, and raised in triumph his clover and cotton, there the salt flood has slopped into his canal, and there too are vestiges of ridge and furrow in the barren sands. Marsh and Desert have reclaimed their own.

Presently, as we advanced, large tracts of flaky mud began to show among the green; the ditches, fringed with salt growths and clogged with weed, spread themselves out ever more frequently into muddy sloughs, and at last the main canal ran out altogether in sheer marsh, brimming over or lying deep in rank reedy hollows. The *fellahîn* had yielded place to rare Bedawi goat-herds, and their mud hives to black tents, pitched sparsely on sand spits or on dusty *tells*. These last are the mounds marking sites of ancient villages, whose walls, exposed by diggers for

nitrous earth, peep out through a carpet of sherds and glass and chips of limestone. Some showed vestiges of the days of the Saite Pharaohs, but more were not older than Roman, and augured ill for the digger, to prospect for whose possible energies I had come into the marshes that day.

Our goal had been long in sight. The Frenchman's two-storied farmhouse, set on a small *tell*, could be seen for miles over that vast level. But the path leading towards it had broken off short on the brink of a black poisonous drain, and we had been following the hither bank for above a mile, hoping for a bridge or a firm ford. Nothing obvious, however, presented itself, and as the afternoon wore on and the farm came no nearer, we were tempted to try to strike across a broader and seemingly shallower reach. I was already half-way through the sucking mud, when the horse began to sink. Gently the black surface rose to my feet, to my knees, to my neck, and sliding out of the saddle I found myself floundering in slime, but lo! hardly waist-deep. The gallant steed looked at me with the ghost of a twinkle, gave one lurch, rose and walked calmly back to land; and I realised that I was slime-covered from foot to chin, my saddle was soaked, and saddle-bags and their contents were ruined merely because a fiend in equine form had seen fit to indulge himself with a sitting bath.

Within two hours of sunset we reached the farm compound. The Arab mares, and the mules, and the camels no doubt were out at grass, for not one was to be seen through the frequent gaps in the mud-brick wall—nothing, in fact, but a broken-down cart, a squad of leggy hens, and two or three depressed ducks. The farm-house did not improve on nearer acquaintance. Its roof seemed sorely in need of repair, there was more paper than glass in the windows, and the balcony was falling to pieces. The gate of a weedy garden stood wide, perhaps in readiness for the return of the Arab mares, &c., and we clattered in unremarked by so much as a dog. No one was in the verandah, and at the windows no one, and knocks and calls were vain. At last I made bold to cross the threshold, and push open a door standing ajar. An unkempt room, half-kitchen, half-parlour, met my eyes, and a table bearing trace of many meals, a half-empty bottle and beside it a somnolent figure. One eye was covered by a noisome handkerchief, tied over the scalp; arms and feet were bare; a shirt torn down to the navel and a pair of once white trousers, patched and rent, constituted all the clothing. The strange being, blinking out of a

single bloodshot optic, staggered to his feet as I said two or three words in French, regarded me unsteadily a minute, and then, intelligence dawning on his pock-marked countenance, emitted a stentorian yell, '*Jules! Jules! c'est l'Anglais!*' Thereafter he seized me by one hand and the waist, and asked with affectionate solicitude what I would take—wine, beer, cognac, champagne? Let me speak the word only and it was mine! A glance at the bottle on the table decided me to ask for the Greek spirit *mastica*. My friend seemed hurt. Why not beer, champagne, anything else? Well, if it must be *mastica*, it must, and there it was—*mastica* of Scio, the best! And, filling up his own half-finished and very cloudy glass, he presented me with exactly what I had expected, to wit, sheer unabashed *raki*, a raw spirit which, if tossed off unwarily, grips low down in the gullet and makes one wonder for several seconds whether breath or speech will ever be vouchsafed again.

Hardly was this fiery draught absorbed than a clatter of loose heels on the stairs heralded Jules. It was my little friend of Alexandria, less spruce than he had appeared in the Place des Consuls, but lively as ever, and he greeted me most warmly. As I shook his hand there was a gurgling behind, and, sitting down, I was conscious that my glass had been filled and emptied again. The hospitable intentions of my hosts were unbounded. Jules placed his bed at my entire disposal, sheets and all as they were. Victor, the pock-marked Cyclops, pressed the *raki* and filled up a glass for himself every time that I refused. Both upbraided me for having brought a horse and donkeys where those animals were as the sand of the sea for multitude, and in vain I pointed out that I had had to convey myself in any case from the railway. And, indeed, I was altogether in Tarascon, for on visiting the compound at sundown to seek a standing for my animals, I found a single seedy mare in a closed shed; and the net result of various windy proposals was that my stallion must pass the night in the open, tethered to the three-wheeled cart. Whence presently he broke loose and, being foiled in a gallant effort to reach the fair one through the roof of her shed, took incontinently to the marsh, and amused four Bedawi catchers until the moon rose. Two days later, when I wanted an extra baggage animal, I moved heaven and earth and hardly obtained one sorry camel.

In the meanwhile, partly to stem the tide of alcohol, I proposed to Jules that he should show me a great *tell* which rose hard by the

farm. He replied that it extended as far as the eye could see, and that merely to enumerate the marvellous things upon it would take the night; but, there! if I wished it, we might go just as far as the first slope. The path led out through a group of Bedawi hovels leaning against the outer wall of the farm. Here, said Jules, with a majestic arm-sweep, abode his retainers; but the manner of the retainers' salute savoured more of irony than serious fealty. A hurried step sounded behind us, and I turned to see a third European. He shook hands with much cordiality but said little, and passed on ahead, shouldering a heavy staff. Halting when we halted and moving when we moved, he kept his distance, but ever and anon little tufts of herbage caught his eye and, with muttered curses in French, Italian, and Arabic, he battered them furiously with the staff. I turned interrogatively towards Jules. 'Pay no attention,' he whispered, 'he thinks those are serpents. For him the world is full of them. Bah! what would you?' Few tufts escaped, and while I was walking about the Mound, this Quixote must have accounted for innumerable reptiles, but alas! they sprang up again hydra-like as fast as he slew.

The Mound proved large, if somewhat less stupendous than Jules had said; perhaps it was half a mile across. There was nothing on it but a few fragments of broken granite and coarse marble, but on the surface showed plainly the outline of rooms and streets. Salt had infiltrated through and through it. Granite turned to shingle in the hand, brick walls crumbled to dust at a touch, and alas! it was manifest that a digger could hope to reap but a poor harvest. All things perishable must have dissolved long ago; things imperishable are not likely to be of much value on a Roman site. The aspect of the Mound was as melancholy as the lands about it, melancholy as the grey salt herbage, melancholy as the brackish flood on the ruined fields, melancholy as the surviving patches of plough-land, doomed to relapse to the waste. A silence as of death hung over all the scene. Neither creak of water-wheel nor plash from opened sluices, sounds so dear to Eastern ears, broke the stillness, but useless wheel-props stood gaunt by the canal side, and added just that surcease of sadness with which the decaying work of man can imbue the desolation of nature.

The sun was set ere we regained the farm, but no food was ready, nor, indeed, did the kitchen show any sign of preparation. *Raki*, however, there was and to spare, and once more I was bidden to drink glass for glass. The Cyclops made fun for the rest,

mainly on the strength of having cost in his time 30,000 francs to the Egyptian Government—moneys paid for his education in Paris in the era of Ismail. 'There you are!' shrieked Jules, slapping him on the back. 'There's 30,000 francs for you! Look at him; what a bargain!' It was an inexhaustible jest, and the educational failure himself enjoyed it more than anyone. Bit by bit the past of the whole detrimental crew began to unfold itself to my understanding. The four—for there was yet another in the house, invisible, and said to be suffering from *coup de soleil*—had held one post or another under Government in the palmy days of Ismail, posts possibly of more profit than honour on the backstairs of that court of secret amours. The farm, in which they lived now, belonged to Jules by inheritance from his father, as to whose title I learned nothing, bad or good, and once it had been well irrigated and tilled. But a water war with the neighbouring owners had led to the choking of some canals and the breaking of others, and Bedawin, the worst cultivators in the world, had let their plots relapse to marsh. Mortgages, thefts of water, domiciliary visits from irrigation officers, trouble with tax-collectors—these things seemed to sum the history of a decline which had ended now in the loss of three parts of the land to encroaching water and salts. Even the fourth part, still preserved, was tilled mostly by Bedawin, on whose camels or buffaloes violent hands had to be laid whenever rent was due. The farm buildings, dykes, and bridges, had gone the way of the farmhouse, and the day seemed near enough when barbarism would resume an undisputed sway.

Rakí is, if anything, an appetiser, least of all a satisfactory substitute for supper, and still no food being forthcoming, I was reduced to ask when and by what the pangs of hunger were to be stayed. Jules was desolated that he had not thought of it earlier, but what could he do? Victor was cook, and Victor, not to put too fine a point on it, was drunk. Impatiently I called up my own servant and told him to cook what he could find. Jules found the idea most original and admirable. Supper! of course, let us sup! An excellent idea! And sup we did at last on potatoes and milk and bread and a tin or two from my saddle-bags. Vague memories of the past made Victor now and then appropriate my fork or spoon, but presently he would forget them and revert to nature's tools. A bottle of black wine was uncorked in my honour, and my firm refusal to take more than one glass (based, indeed, on sheer inability to swallow the stuff) left the others free to apply their

lips in turn to the bottle's mouth. It was late ere I mounted to Jules's chamber to share its bed with the already long-established occupants, and much later still when at last I became insensible to their unremitting attentions, and slept the dreamless sleep of the desert.

The second day proved far less irksome than the first, for I had found my bearings and obtained some grasp on the situation. A ratio was established between my *rakí* and that absorbed by my hosts of not more than one to six. Did I want food, I foraged for myself, and asked no man's leave to sleep. Jules spent the most part of the daylight with his eye to a telescope that projected from an upper window, and, one week with another, this I believe to have formed his chief occupation; but what he was spying and why he spied heaven alone knows! I, for my part, having collected half-a-dozen Bedawin with mattocks, passed time by opening out an ancient house or two on the *tell*, but, as I had feared, there was little or nothing to find in the salt earth; and I had some hours free to ride about the wide marshland and over other *tells*, each eloquent of better days long past, when vines and olives covered this region, and Mareotic wine and oil went out to all coasts of the Mediterranean.

At dawn of the third day I bade good-bye to the Detrimentials with more real regret than two days earlier I had thought to do. For they had shown much simple hospitality, for all its excess of *rakí* and defect in the matter of solid food; and also I was conscious that my visit had been dimly felt to be an event in the monotonous decadence of their lives—an event which, maybe, woke certain blunted memories and stirred the ghosts of long-laid regrets. Egypt has still many of the class of which Jules and Victor and the slayer of serpents and the invisible invalid are extreme instances. It is a class whose golden age was the age of Ismail, and whose gradual recovery of power would be the result of our evacuation of the seat of government now. It abounds in Alexandria and in Cairo, and is vociferous in that pseudo-national press which, manned by Greeks, Jews, Syrians, and Armenians, adopts an Albanian dynasty and cries 'Egypt for the Egyptians!'

Dark clouds were gathering overhead when I parted from my hosts and passed the westernmost canal to the strip of unlovely scrub which here, if not in Persia,

... just divides the desert from the sown.

A last irrigation channel kept for a little while on our right hand, and then, bending eastward, left us in the desert. The waste

hereabouts, however, is no such dead stretch of sand and rock as in Upper Egypt, but is covered with a sparse herbage such as camels browse. Dry reticulated mud fills the hollows, and there is not a little life of one kind and another. Camels, tearing here and there at the tops of the coarse bushes, raised snaky necks as we rode by, and then, mildly contemptuous, resumed their unenviable task. A black tent or a thin thread of smoke, rising behind a hillock, showed that Bedawîn could find subsistence, and more than once silent men with slung matchlocks crossed our path, hardly giving the usual salute of peace, but passing surely with the short quick step of the desert along some line invisible to my eyes. Tracking in this way across a trackless waste, coming out of silence, like birds of the air, and passing on to some indistinguishable goal, perhaps on one of those nights when the sands lie like snow, blue-white under a high-riding moon, the son of the desert justifies his existence in imaginative prose and verse—thus and thus, as it seems to me, only. Go close to him, live in his company, have direct dealings with him, and you find him the most commonplace and the least satisfactory of mortals. He does nothing well: he shoots badly, rides indifferently, breeds poor weedy cattle, plunders better than he fights, but plunders even not well, and is not ashamed to beg on occasion though always ashamed to dig. In short, he is something of a futile impostor in most walks of his narrow round, a bird of prey not comparable for address, audacity, thoroughness of virtue or vice with the predatory races of Asia. But less than any member of any race in the world he is bound by law, and therefore to his bosom have flown always, or yearned to fly, imaginative rebels against society.

We had made already two hours' journey out into the waste when the gathered storm broke at last. At first its waters came down in no worse than fine rain, but, the wind lulling, the drops grew fuller and the sky took on a blacker hue. Our track lay now over low lands at the head of the Lake, inundated in winter, and ere long their caked surface softened into slime. Water began to stand again in the hollows, and for fear the Lake should rise again to its winter limit, we bore up to the left towards the higher desert. The circuit thus entailed was long, and there was no more than an hour of daylight left when the anti-slavery police post, which is the last outpost of Alexandrian civilisation, came in view. It looked most forlorn, this advance guard of militant philanthropy, set there on the edge of the waste to cover the roads from Bengazî

and Siwah, whereby Senûssi *sheikhs* and lewd tribesmen of the Oasis of Ammon smuggle their human cargoes to the marts which seem to exist even in 'protected' Egypt. Wet to the very skin, chilled to the bone, saddle and boots sodden and black, mudspattered from foot to crown, I stumbled at last on to the Mariut causeway, once meant to carry a railway, and, certain now of the road, could leave the donkeys and push ahead. It was fast growing dark, and before Mex the last of the light was gone. With some seven miles still to traverse, through a district I had never visited, but knew to be honeycombed with the rifled cemeteries of ancient Alexandria, I could do no better than lay the reins on my horse's neck and let him find his way through the black night. Find it he did by some instinct as sure as a Bedawi's. We splashed through flooded hollows, stumbled over railway lines, and roused furious dogs from Arab sheepfolds, who, however, soon retreated out of reach of the pitiless storm. But by one route or another the good beast brought me through, and at about the third hour of the night I espied, with infinite relief, wind-blown cressets still flaring belated in the Gabâri *bazâr*.

D. G. HOGARTH

(Author of '*A Wandering Scholar in the Levant*').

CONCERNING TOAST.

IF bread is the staff of life, toast is its clouded cane. It is the cheapest of the luxuries, and withal one of the most exquisite and enduring; and to set but a low value upon it is to expose one's deficiency in right appreciation.

'To make dry toast properly,' says the admirable Mrs. Beeton, 'a great deal of attention is required; much more indeed than people generally suppose. Never use new bread for making any kind of toast, as it renders it heavy, and, besides, is very extravagant.' A loaf two days old is the best material. Mrs. Beeton continues: 'Dry toast should be more gradually made than buttered toast, as its great beauty consists in its crispness, and this cannot be attained unless the process is slow, and the bread is allowed gradually to colour.' Dry toast, one might add—although adding to Mrs. Beeton is like painting the lily—should be thin as well as crisp. It should be eaten at the most within ten minutes of leaving the fire. While awaiting its turn on the table, each piece of toast should stand alone: on no account being laid flat or placed so close to another piece that they touch. Stale toast, or toast from which the crispness has, as it were, thawed away, is abomination. It is limp, and tough, and indigent. Moreover, the mastication thereof makes no sound. Now the noise from good toast should reverberate in the head like the thunder of July.

The 'Spectator,' which has ever been an exponent of the art of living, laid down rules concerning toast twenty-nine years ago. 'True toast,' it then said, 'is classical—severe. . . . Toast, we need not say, should be *thin*, crisp, wafer-like, as well as embrowned, fresh and hot. Thick toast with solid fleshy bread between the embrowned surfaces is a gross and plebeian solecism; for the true intention of toast, its meaning or *raison d'être*, is to extinguish the foody, solid taste which belongs to bread, and to supply in its place crisp, light, fragrant, evanescent, spiritualised chips of fare, the mere scent and sound of which suggest the crisp, pleasant, light chat of easy morning or evening conversation.' The 'Spectator's' enthusiasm is noble, but one begs to

differ slightly. The dogmatist replying to the dogmatist would contest the point touching the thoroughness of the toasting process: toast should *not* be wafer-like, not crisp *throughout*. On the contrary, it should be cut just thick enough to leave in its very inward midst the merest tissue of soft bread, if only by way of compliment to the butter spread upon it, which thereby gains in flavour. Toast when it is a 'chip,' dry enough to snap, is too dry. This central layer of soft bread lends it unity, and preserves enough moisture to animate the whole. When the original bread intervening between the toasted surfaces is more than a mere hint, then indeed has the toaster failed with ignominy: 'that,' as the 'Spectator' says, 'is an anomaly, like dancing in thin boots surmounted with heavy gaiters.'

Toast is one of the few delicacies that can be made better by the amateur than the professional, and as well by a man as by a woman. A cook treats toast perfunctorily. It does not interest her. No heat-preparation, it may be stated roughly, interests a cook unless it calls for the exercise of the fullest powers of the range. Toast might well be kept strictly to amateur ambition, for several reasons: one being that its fragrance is pleasant in a sitting room; another, that making it is an agreeable diversion; and a third, that whereas bad toast produced in the kitchen leads to annoyance and irritation, bad toast produced by a guest or a member of the family makes for mock abuse, sham penitence, and good humour. Furthermore, the preparation of toast causes flushed faces, and there is a kind of pretty girl who, when her cheeks burn, is a million times prettier.

Just as every man believes himself to be excelled by no one in arousing a dying fire, so does every man believe himself to be the finest hand in the world at making toast. (The palm in egg-frying is contested with equal keenness.) That the first conspicuous failure as a maker of toast was Alfred the Great is the one glowing historical fact which is common to all grades of intellect. It is as familiar to the night-school pupil in White-chapel as it was to the late Professor Freeman. To burn toast is a prevalent delinquency; there are some absent-minded creatures who are always to be caught resting the bread against the bars. Blackened toast is not nice, but compared with the sin of smoking it, blackening toast is a bagatelle. Burnt toast can be scraped and rendered passable, but by no means can bread be cleansed of smoke.

The best toast is made with a toasting-fork, and the good, the complete, toaster is known by the way in which he places the bread upon the prongs. An immature, illogical toaster affixes it at right angles, and confronts the fire squarely. This is unwise. It is also equatorially hot. The scientific toaster arranges the bread so that he is enabled to sit out of the line of heat and yet present the full surface to the bars. A toasting-fork with prongs disposed to enable the toaster to avoid the heat is now made. Telescopic forks are not so good as plain wire. The largest known toasting-fork is preserved in a room at King's College, Cambridge. When the toasting-fork is missing, or already in use, a table fork is sometimes employed. After toasting with a table fork for a minute or so, one's hand knows exactly how Tom Brown must have felt when Bully Flashman held him to the bars. There is in English literature, by the way (or I labour under some mis-comprehension), a much earlier reference to the same practice. The first eclogue of another Browne—William Browne, author of 'The Shepherd's Pipe'—which is otherwise a simple, idyllic poem contains this cannibalistic passage :

I will sing what I did heere
Long ago in Janiveere,
Of a skilful aged sire,
As we tosted by the fire.

In some houses a toasting apparatus is in use, but toast thus prepared lacks individuality. It may, perhaps, be embrowned more evenly, but the human element is lacking. In restaurants and clubs toast is always prepared in a rack. In spite of the means employed, clubs have always good toast. Some club-men leave wife and child and home, and seek Pall Mall, less for the company or the cellar than for the toast to be obtained there, such is its fascination. Hotels, too, usually have good toast, but the supply is seldom sufficient. Hence the order of an experienced traveller when breakfasting at an inn: 'Waiter, be perpetually bringing up fresh toast.' The best accompaniment to toast is butter, which should not be spread upon the piece, but applied to each mouthful in turn. Toast elicits the essential virtues of butter more successfully even than bread: so much so, that one might almost say that violence is committed when marmalade is allied to it, or potted meat. Toast sandwiches are made in many different ways, among the most distinguished being those containing cucumber and cress. Anchovy toast—a savoury becoming every

day more popular—is a link between the middle classes and the aristocracy.

But to hot-buttered toast butter is the only right accompaniment; the more butter, one might almost say, the better. And here the breach widens between the 'Spectator' and a writer who would fain quarrel with no one. 'It is impossible,' thunders the Wellington Street arbiter, 'to conceive a more horrible degradation of a great idea than buttered toast is of toast. Every great quality of toast is turned into its opposite and contradictory, in buttered toast—lightness into heaviness, crispness into swashy flabbiness, fragrance into a sort of brooding butter-malaria, a Pontine marsh of butter. . . . Buttered toast is the Pickwick's fat-boy of victuals.' True. But granting all this, does not a singularly seductive food remain? Toast and buttered toast are as distinct as the race-horse and the cart-horse; and both alike are admirable, in different ways.

Different persons favour different shapes in hot-buttered toast. Some cut triangular pieces, others square; some divide the slice into four, others into two. This is a matter of personal predilection, but positive sin is committed when the crusts are not cut off. 'Likeways, a few rounds o' buttered toast,' said Mrs. Gamp, giving orders for tea to Jonas Chuzzlewit's servant, 'first cuttin' off the crusts, in consequence of tender teeth, and not too many of 'em; which Gamp himself, Mrs. Chuzzlewit, at one blow, being in liquor, struck out four, two single and two double, as was took by Mrs. Harris for a keepsake, and is carried in her pocket at this present hour, along with two cramp-bones, a bit o' ginger, and a grater like a blessed infant's shoe in tin, with a little heel to put the nutmeg in.' It is, says Alexis Soyer, wicked to cut through half-a-dozen buttered slices at once, because when that is done the butter is squeezed from the upper pieces, while the bottom one is swimming in it. Among the initiated there is, under these circumstances, a struggle for the bottom piece. Each slice should, on the contrary, be cut separately, and laid lightly on the dish.

According to the schoolboy rhyme—

Three ghosteses
Sat on three posteses
Eating hot-buttered toasteses.

How they did it is a question for the Psychical Society to answer. Can a ghost have indigestion? would be the next poser. The converse is, we know, the case: indigestion is famous for its

ghosts. Spooks are not alone in their enjoyment of hot-buttered toast, for that delicacy is a favourite also with Nonconformist ministers. The Rev. John Broad, of Cowfold, it will be remembered by readers of Mark Rutherford, loved it; and what Mark Rutherford does not know concerning the habits of Dissenters is not worth knowing. This preference for toast, hot and buttered, is easily understood: unction is the keynote of both the eater and the eaten. What so unctuous as hot-buttered toast!

Buttered toast should be thicker than cold toast, and the butter should drench. It thus becomes gloriously indigestible; as a dyspeptic influence removed but one degree from the muffin. It is the crumpet, however, that holds the historical record. "One night," said Mr. Weller, "he wos took wery ill; sends for a doctor; doctor comes in a green fly, with a kind o' Robinson Crusoe set o' steps, as he could let down ven he got out, and pull up arter him ven he got in, to perwent the necessity o' the coachman's gettin' down, and thereby undeceivin' the public by lettin' 'em see that it vos only a livery coat he'd got on, and not the trousers to match. 'Wot's the matter?' says the doctor. 'Wery ill,' says the patient. 'Wot have you been a eatin' on?' says the doctor. 'Roast weal,' says the patient. 'Wot's the last thing you dewoured?' says the doctor. 'Crumpets,' says the patient. 'That's it,' says the doctor. 'I'll send you a box of pills directly, and don't you never take no more of 'em,' he says. 'No more o' wot?' says the patient—'Pills?' 'No; crumpets,' says the doctor. 'Wy?' says the patient, starting up in bed; 'I've eat four crumpets ev'ry night for fifteen year, on principle.' 'Well, then, you'd better leave 'em off, on principle,' says the doctor. 'Crumpets is wholesome, sir,' says the patient. 'Crumpets is *not* wholesome, sir,' says the doctor, wery fierce. 'But they're so cheap,' says the patient, comin' down a little, 'and so wery fillin' at the price.' 'They'd be dear to you, at any price; dear if you wos paid to eat 'em,' says the doctor. 'Four crumpets a night,' he says, 'vill do your business in six months!' The patient looks him full in the face, and turns it over in his mind for a long time, and at last he says, 'Are you sure o' that 'ere, sir.' 'I'll stake my professional reputation on it,' says the doctor. 'How many crumpets, at a sittin' do you think, 'ud kill me off at once?' says the patient. 'I don't know,' says the doctor. 'Do you think half a crown's vurth 'ud do it?' says the patient. 'I think it might,' says the doctor. 'Three shillin's vurth 'ud be sure to do

it, I s'pose?' says the patient. 'Certainly,' says the doctor. 'Wery good,' says the patient; 'good night.' Next mornin' he gets up, has a fire lit, orders in three shillin's wurth o' crumpets, toasts 'em all, eats 'em all, and blows his brains out."

"What did he do that for?" inquired Mr. Pickwick abruptly; for he was considerably startled by this tragical termination of the narrative.

"Wot did he do it for, sir?" reiterated Sam. "Vy, in support of his great principle that crumpets wos wholesome, and to show that he couldn't be put out of his way for nobody!"

The precise moral to be drawn by dyspeptics from this story is not quite clear. So long an extract from an author who is rapidly becoming obsolete will, I hope, be pardoned. It must charitably be borne in mind that to-day readers who do not meet with Dickens now and then between quotation marks never meet with him at all.

The most famous hot-buttered toast house in the world was 'Tyson's restaurant' in Rook Street, Manchester, which still flourishes, but no longer is animated by the crisp individuality of its founder, old Tom Tyson, as he was known. Tyson was a born autocrat, who knew that in their heart of hearts Britons, for all their Rule Britannia sentiments, like to be slave-driven. So he established a restaurant wherein he, an inflexible autocrat, might enforce laws of his own making, and win riches by this very enforcement. He provided only chops, steaks, and Cumberland ham, and served with them, instead of vegetables, hot buttered toast or bread. Most of his customers took toast. To people who asked for potatoes it was sarcastically remarked that they should have brought their own. Everyone who ate at Tyson's was compelled also to drink. Ale, stout, coffee, and tea were the liquids. A customer asking for water was referred to the 'tee-total shop next door.'

A host of good stories are told of Tyson. He dominated the place in his shirt-sleeves, and nothing escaped his vigilant eye. His duty to the customer, as he conceived it, was done when good food had been laid promptly before him; after that the customer's duty to the master of the restaurant began. Reading was not permitted, at least in the middle of the day, nor grumbling, nor a protracted sitting, nor smoking. Tyson's strength was the excellence of his wares, his cheapness, and his business-like despatch, and knowing this he played the tyrant to the top of his bent. A

young man once calling, 'Waiter, bring me a steak at once,' was amazed to find a raw steak clapped on the table before him. To his expression of disgust came the reply, 'You can't expect meat to be cooked if you want it at once.' Another customer had the temerity to complain that his steak was tough. A considerable space of time elapsed before he came again, but Tyson, who forgot nothing, was waiting for him. The grumbler called for a steak. 'Steaks are tough,' was the reply. 'Then I'll have a chop.' 'Chops are tough.' 'Then what can I have?' 'Nothing. If you can't be satisfied with food that pleases other people you can go somewhere else.' A customer daring so much as to glance at a letter from his pocket was curtly informed that 'this is not a library.' A customer who had exceeded his welcome was bidden to go. To the few who complained of incivility, Tyson's reply was that he served his civility with his chops and steaks. Tyson's as it now is has undergone modifications, but the toast tradition holds good. Both in Manchester and in the London branch in the City, hot buttered toast is always ready. There is room for more toast houses. Who knows but that the establishment of a good toast house might not restore the days of wit! In course of time, if the toast house became as notable as Will's Coffee House of old, another John Dryden or Dr. Johnson might be forthcoming to dominate it; and we need another Dr. Johnson. The occasion, it has been said, produces the man.

Toast is more than a delicacy: it is a friend, a sick-room ally. Toast and water is cooling as the wind of the morning across fields of dew. It is toast which, swimming in beef-tea, constitutes the first solid food that the patient may take. In the nursery and at school toast is a recognised concomitant of an invalid's tea, and many a boy has shammed illness to achieve it. Otherwise school-boys have few opportunities of tasting this luxury, toast made over a gas-jet being a very inferior article. A gas-jet, however, has been known to embrown cheese very pleasantly, and here one might put a question that for too long has been a cause of vexation: Why is 'Toasted Cheese' a less honourable nickname than 'Candle Ends'? It will be remembered by students of 'The Hunting of the Snark,' that the baker, having no fixed name, was called by his intimate friends Candle Ends, and by his enemies Toasted Cheese. To the ordinary non-Carrollian mind it would seem that more of a compliment, more of affection, was carried by the name chosen by the baker's enemies.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

'YES, mother, he will come. Of course he will come!' and the girl turned her drawn and anxious young face towards the cottage door, just as if her blind mother could see the action.

It is probable that the old woman divined the longing glance from the change in the girl's tone, for she, too, half turned towards the door. It was a habit these two women had acquired. They constantly looked towards the door for the arrival of one who never came through the long summer days, through the quiet winter evenings; moreover, they rarely spoke of other things, this arrival was the topic of their lives. And now the old woman's life was drawing to a close, as some lives do, without its object. She herself felt it, and her daughter knew it.

There was in both of them a subtle sense of clinging. It was hard to die without touching the reward of a wondrous patience. It was cruel to deprive the girl of this burden, for in most burdens there is a safeguard, in all a duty, and in some the greatest happiness allotted to human existence.

It was no new thing, this waiting for the scapegrace son; the girl had grown up to it, for she would not know her brother should she meet him in the street. Since sight had left the old mother's eyes she had fed her heart upon this hope.

He had left them eighteen years before in a fit of passionate resentment against his father, whose only fault had been too great an indulgence for the son of his old age. Nothing had been too good for dear Stephen—hardly anything had been good enough. Educated at a charity school himself, the simple old clergyman held the mistaken view that no man can be educated above his station.

There are some people who hold this view still, but they cannot do so much longer. Strikes, labour troubles, and the difficulties of domestic service; so-called gentleman farmers, gentleman shopkeepers and lady milliners—above all, a few colonies peopled by University Failures, will teach us in time that to educate our sons above their station is to handicap them cruelly in the race of life.

Stephen Leach was one of the early victims to this craze. His

father, having risen by the force of his own will and the capabilities of his own mind from the People to the Church, held, as such men do, that he had only to give his son a good education to ensure his career in life. So everything—even to the old parson's sense of right and wrong—was sacrificed to the education of Stephen Leach at public school and University. Here he met and selected for his friends youths whose futures were ensured, and who were only passing through the formula of an education so that no one could say that they were unfit for the snug Government appointment, living, or inheritance of a more substantial sort that might be waiting for them. Stephen acquired their ways of life without possessing their advantages, and the consequence was something very nearly approaching to ruin for the little country rectory. Not having been a University man himself, the rector did not know that at Oxford or Cambridge, as in the army, one may live according to one's taste. Stephen Leach had expensive tastes, and he unscrupulously traded on his father's ignorance. He was good-looking, and had a certain brilliancy of manner which 'goes down' well at the 'Varsity. Everything was against him, and at last the end came. At last the rector's eyes were opened, and when a narrow-minded man's eyes are once opened he usually becomes stony at the heart.

Stephen Leach left England, and before he landed in America his father had departed on a longer journey. The ne'er-do-well had the good grace to send back the little sums of money saved by his mother in her widowhood, and gradually his letters ceased. It was known that he was in Chili, and there was war going on there, and yet the good old lady's faith never wavered.

'He will come, Joyce,' she would say; 'he will surely come.'

And somehow it came to be an understood thing that he was to come in the afternoon when they were all ready for him—when Joyce had clad her pretty young form in a dark dress, and when the old lady was up and seated in her chair by the fire in winter, by the door in summer. They had never imagined his arrival at another time. It would not be quite the same should he make a mistake and come in the morning, before Joyce had got the house put right.

Yet, he never came. A greater infirmity came instead, and at last Joyce suggested that her mother should not get up in bad weather. They both knew what this meant, but the episode passed as others do, and Mrs. Leach was bedridden. Still she said :

'He will come, Joyce! He will surely come.'

And the girl would go to the window and draw aside the curtain, looking down the quiet country road towards the village.

'Yes, mother, he will come!' was her usual answer; and one day she gave a little exclamation of surprise and almost of fear.

'Mother,' she exclaimed, 'there is someone coming along the road.'

The old lady was already sitting up in bed, staring with her sightless orbs towards the window.

Thus they waited. The man stopped opposite the cottage, and the two women heard the latch of the gate. Then Joyce, turning, saw that her mother had fainted. But it was only momentary. By the time she reached the bed her mother had recovered consciousness.

'Go,' said the old lady, breathlessly; 'go and let him in yourself.'

Downstairs, on the doorstep, the girl found a tall man of thirty or thereabouts with a browner face than English suns could account for. He looked down into her eager eyes with a strange questioning wonder.

'Am I too late?' he asked in a voice which almost seemed to indicate a hope that it might be so.

'No, Stephen,' she answered. 'But mother cannot live much longer. You are just in time.'

The young man made a hesitating little movement with his right hand and shuffled uneasily on the clean stone step. He was like an actor called suddenly upon the stage having no knowledge of his part. The return of this prodigal was not a dramatic success. No one seemed desirous of learning whether he had lived upon husks or otherwise and with whom he had eaten. The quiet dignity of the girl, who had remained behind to do all the work and bear all the burden, seemed in some subtle manner to deprive him of any romance that might have attached itself to him. She ignored his half-proffered hand, and turning into the little passage led the way upstairs.

Stephen Leach followed silently. He was rather large for the house, and especially for the stairs; moreover, he had a certain burliness of walk, such as is acquired by men living constantly in the open. There was a vaguely-pained look in his blue eyes, as if they had suddenly been opened to his own shortcomings. His attitude towards Joyce was distinctly apologetic.

When he followed the girl across the threshold of their mother's bedroom the old lady was sitting up in bed, holding out trembling arms towards the door.

Here Stephen Leach seemed to know better what to do. He held his mother in his arms while she sobbed and murmured out her joy. He had no words, but his arms meant more than his lips could ever have told.

It would seem that the best part of happiness is the sharing of it with someone else.

'Joyce' was the first distinct word the old lady spoke, 'Joyce, he has come at last. He has come! Come here, dear. Kiss your brother. This is my firstborn—my little Steve.'

The young man had sunk upon his knees at the bedside, probably because it was the most convenient position. He did not second his mother's proposal with much enthusiasm. Altogether he did not seem to have discovered much sympathy with the sister whom he had left in her cradle.

Joyce came forward and leaned over the bed to kiss her brother while the old lady's hands joined theirs. Just as her fresh young lips came within reach he turned his face aside, so that the kiss fell on barren ground on his tanned cheek.

'Joyce,' continued the old lady feverishly, 'I am not afraid to die now, for Stephen is here. Your brother will take care of you, dear, when I am gone.'

It was strange that Stephen had not spoken yet; and it was perhaps just as well, because there are occasions in life when men do wisely to keep silent.

'He is strong,' the proud mother went on. 'I can feel it. His hands are large and steady and quiet, and his arms are big and very hard.'

The young man knelt upright and submitted gravely to this maternal inventory.

'Yes,' she said, 'I knew he would grow to be a big man. His little fingers were so strong—he hurt me sometimes. What a great moustache! I knew you had been a soldier. And the skin of your face is brown and a little rough. What is this? what is this, Stephen dear? Is this a wound?'

'Yes,' answered the Prodigal, speaking for the first time. 'That is a sword cut. I got that in the last war. I am a Colonel in the Chilian army, or was, before I resigned.'

The old lady's sightless eyes were fixed on his face as if

listening for the echo of another voice in his deep quiet tones.

'Your voice is deeper than your father's ever was,' she said; and all the while her trembling fingers moved lovingly over his face, touching the deep cut from cheek-bone to jaw with soft inquiry. 'This must have been very near your eye, Stephen. Promise me, dear, no more soldiering.'

'I promise that,' he replied, without raising his eyes.

Such was the home-coming of the Prodigal. After all, he arrived at the right moment in the afternoon, when the house was ready. It sometimes does happen so in real life, and not only in books. There is a great deal that might be altered in this world, but sometimes, by a mere chance, things come about rightly. And yet there was something wrong, something subtle, which the dying woman's duller senses failed to detect. Her son, her Stephen, was quiet, and had not much to say for himself. He apparently had the habit of taking things as they came. There was no enthusiasm, but rather a restraint in his manner, more especially towards Joyce.

The girl noticed it, but even her small experience of human kind had taught her that large, fair-skinned men are often thus. They are not '*de ceux qui s'expliquent*,' but go through life placidly, leaving unsaid and undone many things which some think they ought to say and do.

After the first excitement of the return was over it became glaringly apparent that Stephen had arrived just in time. His mother fell into a happy sleep before sunset; and when the active young doctor came a little later in the evening he shook his head.

'Yes,' he said, 'I see that she is asleep and quiet—too quiet. It is a foretaste of a longer sleep; some old people have it.'

For the first time Joyce's courage seemed to give way. When she had been alone she was brave enough, but now that her brother was there, womanlike, she seemed to turn to him with a sudden fear. They stood side by side near the bed, and the young doctor involuntarily watched them. Stephen had taken her hand in his with that silent sympathy which was so natural and so eloquent. He said nothing, this big, sun-tanned youth; he did not even glance down at his sister, who stood small, soft-eyed, and gentle at his side.

The doctor knew something of the history of the small family thus momentarily united, and he had always feared that if

Stephen Leach did return it would only kill his mother. This, indeed, seemed to be the result about to follow.

Presently the doctor took his leave. He was a young man engaged in getting together a good practice, and in his own interest he had been forced to give up waiting for his patients to finish dying.

'I am glad you are here,' he said to Stephen, who accompanied him to the door. 'It would not do for your sister to be alone; this may go on for a couple of days.'

It did not go on for a couple of days, but Mrs. Leach lived through that night in the same semi-comatose state. The two watchers sat in her room until supper-time, when they left their mother in charge of a hired nurse, whose services Joyce had been forced to seek.

After supper Stephen Leach seemed at last to find his tongue, and he talked in his quiet, almost gentle voice, such as some big men possess, not about himself or the past, but about Joyce and the future. In a deliberate businesslike way he proceeded to investigate the affairs of the dying woman and the prospects of her daughter; in a word, he asserted his authority as a brother, and Joyce was relieved and happy to obey him.

It is not in times of gaiety that friendships are formed, but in sorrow or suspense. During that long evening this brother and sister suddenly became intimate, more so than months of prosperous intercourse could have made them. At ten o'clock Stephen quietly insisted that Joyce should go to bed while he lay down, all dressed, on the sofa in the dining-room.

'I shall sleep perfectly; it is not the first time I have slept in my clothes,' he said simply.

They went upstairs together and told the nurse of this arrangement. Joyce remained for some moments by the bedside watching her mother's peaceful sleep, and when she turned she found that Stephen had quietly slipped away. Wondering vaguely whether he had intentionally solved her difficulty as to the fraternal good-night, she went to her own room.

The next morning Mrs. Leach was fully conscious, and appeared to be stronger; nevertheless, she knew that the end was near. She called her two children to her bedside, and, turning her blind eyes towards them, spoke in broken sentences:

'I am ready now—I am ready,' she said. 'Dears, I am going to your father—and . . . thank God, I can tell him that I have

left you together. I always knew Stephen would come back. I found it written everywhere in the Bible. Stephen—kiss me, dear!’

The man leant over the bed and kissed her.

‘Ah!’ she sighed, ‘how I wish I could see you—just once before I die. Joyce!’ she added, suddenly turning to her daughter, who stood at the other side of the bed, ‘tell me what he is like. But—I know . . . I *know*—I feel it. Listen! He is tall and spare, like his father. His hair is black, like his father’s—it was black before he went away. His eyes, I know, are dark—almost black. He is pale—like a Spaniard!’ . . .

Joyce, looking across the bed with slow horror dawning in her face, looked into a pair of blue eyes beneath tawny hair, cut short as a soldier’s hair should be. She looked upon a man big, broad, fair—English from crown to toe—and the quiet command of his lips and eyes made her say :

‘Yes, mother, yes.’

For some moments there was silence. Joyce stood pale and breathless, wondering what this might mean. Then the dying woman spoke again :

‘Kiss me,’ she said. ‘I . . . am going. Stephen first—my firstborn! And now, Joyce . . . and now kiss each other—across the bed! I want to hear it . . . I want . . . to tell . . . your . . . father.’

With a last effort she raised her hands, seeking their heads. At first Joyce hesitated, then she leant forward, and the old woman’s chilled fingers pressed their lips together. That was the end.

Half an hour afterwards Joyce and this man stood facing each other in the little dining-room. He began his explanation at once.

‘Stephen,’ he said, ‘was shot—out there—as a traitor. I could not tell her that! I did not mean to do this, but what else could I do?’

He paused, moved towards the door with that same strange hesitation which she had noticed on his arrival. At the door he turned, to justify himself:

‘I still think,’ he said gravely, ‘that it was the best thing to do.’

Joyce made no answer. The tears stood in her eyes. There was something very pathetic in the distress of this strong man,

facing, as it were, an emergency of which he felt the delicacy to be beyond his cleverness to handle.

'Last night,' he went on, 'I made all the necessary arrangements for your future—just as Stephen would have made them—as a brother might have done. I . . . he and I were brother-officers in a very wild army. Your brother—was not a good man. None of us were.'

His hand was on the door.

'He asked me to come and tell you,' he added. 'I shall go back now . . .'

They stood thus: he watching her face with his honest soft blue eyes, she failing to meet his glance.

'May I come back again?' he asked suddenly.

She gave a little gasp, but made no answer.

'I will come back in six months,' he announced quietly, and then he closed the door behind him.

HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

HOW TO SEE THE ZOO.

FROM the early days when George IV. presented his wild animals at Windsor Castle and the Tower to the new Zoological Gardens, the menagerie in Regent's Park has aimed at being something more than a collection of live specimens kept for the benefit of the learned society whose headquarters are in Hanover Square. The original founders of the Zoo—men like Sir Stamford Raffles and Sir Humphry Davy—believed that by importing wild species and showing them to the public they could encourage serious efforts at acclimatisation. To-day natural history is valued for its own sake ; and the society endeavours to exhibit its collections in the most attractive form, and with a degree of public spirit which justifies its claim to be a national institution. On the other hand, the growth of the menagerie, which now usually contains some 2,500 creatures, and covers thirty-one acres of ground, makes the question of how to see the Zoo less easy to answer than when the grounds were confined to one corner of Regent's Park. The Middle Garden, cut off from this by the road, and the North Garden, divided from the Middle Garden by the canal, crossed only by a single bridge at one end, are isolated by artificial barriers, and can only be explored separately, and without reference to the contents of the large Southern Garden.

Those who have a definite object in visiting the Zoo can usually obtain the necessary information at the entrance. The 'location' of any new specimens is always known to the gate-keepers, and a reference to the plan in the guide-book shows the way. But the pleasantest form of a visit to the Zoo is to wander at large, equipped with adequate knowledge of its geography, and to use it like a big library on a wet day, for sipping and tasting, glancing at all that is attractive and leaving out the dull volumes.

There is a small side gate leading from the Broad Walk straight into the gardens near the south corner. This is within two minutes' walk of the lion-house, the cattle sheds, the reptile-house, the seals, wolves, and many of the deer, and the visitor gets among objects of interest without preface or waste of time. If he turn to the left on entering, he finds himself at once in contact

with one of the earliest successes of the Gardens, the pheasantries, and a few yards beyond is the latest and best innovation, the new reptile-house. The left of the path is lined with Himalayan and Chinese pheasants, beautiful in themselves, and specially interesting to members of the Zoological Society. The ringed pheasants were acclimatised in 1855, and are now the dominant species in English preserves; and a far larger and more beautiful species, Reeve's pheasant, is breeding in the North, in numbers sufficient for it to be shot like an ordinary game-bird. The first specimens of the Indian species, such as the Amherst pheasant, Monaul, and Impeyan pheasant, were brought from India by the Society in 1855, most of them being forwarded by the Resident at Darjeeling. In the next year a further consignment, including Cheer pheasants, Impeyan pheasants, and three varieties of the Kaleege pheasant, were imported, and the Impeyans and purple Kaleeges laid eggs as soon as they arrived, and hatched their broods in September. Lord Canning was preparing to send a much larger collection over when the Indian Mutiny broke out and gave the Governor-General something else to think about. But those at the Zoo increased and multiplied, and became the ancestors of the present European stock, now found in most aviaries and pheasantries, both in scientific collections and at large country houses. The reptile-house, which adjoins the pheasantry, is perhaps the most continuously interesting of all the departments of the menagerie. Perpetual summer reigns there, for the temperature must be maintained at a constant heat both in summer and winter, and as it is solidly built of brick, there is little difficulty in doing this, even in the hardest frosts. The construction and arrangement of the glass cages are also modern and good, and the snakes can be seen to the best advantage both in movement and repose. The larger snakes and lizards are among the most long-lived animals in the Zoo; consequently, the process of change of occupants which is constantly upsetting the calculations of the visitor to some of the houses in the Gardens takes place very slowly, and it is possible to write with confidence not only of what may be seen to-day in the reptile-house, but of what will probably be its population for some time to come. The venomous snakes will always be found at the top of the room, to the left as the visitor enters. Their cages are of special construction, the doors in the iron shutter at the back being placed high up, so that food may be introduced without danger to the keepers, while the doors of the other compartments

are on the ground level. Four of these cages are of special interest, containing what are by common consent the most deadly and the most dreaded creatures in the animal creation—the puff-adder, the king cobra, the common Indian cobra, and the rattlesnake. The puff-adder of South Africa is the most repulsive in appearance of all the snakes. One of those in the collection is perhaps the largest ever seen in Europe. Its body is swollen and flattened, of uniform thickness till within a few inches of the end of the tail, which tapers off suddenly to a blunt point. The head is flat, as if it had been crushed, and, though wholly undisturbed in its glass and iron cage, it has a habit of covering its body with dust and shingle, in which it lies absolutely motionless. This state of sluggish repose is the normal condition of this snake. Confident in its powers of offence, it does not move even when it sees man approaching, and its invisibility constitutes one of its chief dangers. The rattlesnakes and cobras are far more interesting from the spectator's point of view. Of the former there are said to be two species in North America, and a third in Guiana and Brazil. Those in the Zoo are of the larger North American species, and though not of the greatest size—Catesby says that in Carolina he saw one nearly eight feet long—they are far thicker and heavier for their length than the cobras. It is as well to ask the keeper to go behind the cages and disturb these snakes, in order to hear the 'rattle.' This sound has no exact counterpart in nature, and when once heard, even at the Zoo, is never forgotten. The snakes do not move readily, but if poked up by the keeper's rod they crawl out of reach, and it will be noticed that the end of the tail is slightly raised. The thick glass front deadens any slight noise, such as the shifting of the shingle or the opening of the doors behind, but insensibly there falls on the ear a sound like the rush of water in a hydraulic pipe, or the rattle of a bag of shot poured out upon a dish. The vibrations of the sound are extremely rapid, and it is not in the least apparent that it proceeds from the snake. Those who hear it often look back into the room to localise the sound, and it is not till the eye is fixed on the end of the snake's tail that the source of the rushing noise is seen. The whitey-grey rattle is in intensely rapid motion, not waving to and fro, but quivering as if galvanised. The rattle seems an involuntary accompaniment of anger or agitation on the part of the snake—like the flush of anger on some human faces—and goes on for some time after the disturbing cause has been

removed. The way in which this sound gets on the nerves of American explorers was curiously illustrated some years ago at the Zoo. Mr. Anderson, the celebrated traveller and hunter, was sitting with Mr. Bartlett discussing some recent adventures among big game, when a parrot, which was sitting unnoticed in a cage at the back of the room, suddenly woke up, and shook its feathers, as a sleepy parrot does on awakening. No sooner did the sharp rustling sound, coming from behind, fall on the explorer's ear than, with the instinct bred of camp life on the prairies, he sprang up, and away from the noise. 'What is the matter?' asked his host. 'Oh, it is only your bird, I see,' replied the traveller; 'I thought for a moment it was a rattlesnake.'

The cobras are almost as beautiful—Medusa's head was beautiful in its way—as the puff-adders are hideous. The Indian cobras vary much in tint. The Hindoos say that the light-coloured cobras are 'high-caste' snakes. Some of those at the Zoo must be very 'high caste,' for when they are irritated, and coil, spread their hoods, and prepare to strike, the hood is almost white, and the 'spectacle' mark a bright mauve. The writer has seen three of these snakes, all erect at the same time and striking at the keeper's rod. The blow is delivered downwards, like the peck of some long-necked bird. Cobra tradition, as we now hear it, is so entirely derived from Indian sources that it is sometimes forgotten that they are also common in Africa. There are South African cobras at the Zoo, as well as Cleopatra's asp, which is a miniature cobra, and can expand its hood like the Indian species. The 'asps,' or horned cerastes, are kept in small glass boxes on the stands to the left of the entrance to the snake-house, and mimic exactly the colour of the sand on which they lie. The danger from venomous snakes—mainly the different species of cobra in North Africa—seems to have presented the same difficulty to the Romans, when they occupied these once populous provinces, as it does now to the Government of India. Lucan, in the 'Pharsalia,' says that when the army of Cato was encamped in Africa, in the final struggle with Cæsar after the murder of Pompey, the deaths from poisonous snakes caused much discouragement among the troops. The aid of a native race, called the Psylli, who were professional snake-charmers, was called in to protect the legionaries. They marched round the camp chanting mystic songs, and then ordered fires to be lighted at night round the lines. When the men were bitten they used charms, but also sucked the wounds and

anointed them with saliva. They themselves were proof against snake-bite, a fact which is now believed to be true of several of these 'snake-healing' tribes, who swallow the poison, and obtain protection by internal inoculation. It would be interesting to know whether the descendants of the Psylli are still living near Tunis, for the snakes themselves have survived in numbers. The tribe had clearly existed from the days of Moses and the Pharaoh of the Exodus till those of Caesar, and was well known to Pliny, Celsus, and Lucan.

The great 'king cobra,' in the cage next to the puff-adder, lives entirely on snakes caught for it in England. The greater number come from Hampshire, where they are captured by the last of the English snake-charmers, 'Brusher' Mills, the adder-catcher of the New Forest, for whom the advent of the king cobra at the Zoo has opened up a profitable market for the disposal of the common snakes, which he catches when adder-hunting.

The boas, pythons, and harmless snakes occupy the whole length of the wall opposite the entrance. Apart from their size, and the interesting fact that one of the boas ate his companion a year ago, there are two points of exceptional interest to be noted in a visit to these snakes—the extreme beauty of the colouring of the boas and pythons when they have newly shed their skin, and the method of movement of the great snakes when climbing. Neither admits of adequate description in words; but inquiry should always be made of the keepers whether any specimen has newly shed its skin; and if a boa has a fit of tree-climbing—the pythons are less addicted to this exercise—it is perhaps better worth observing than any sight in the Zoo except the submarine flight of the diving birds.

The snakes are never fed in public; but many of the lizards, large and small, and the manatee in the tank, should be observed when at meals. The keepers are usually willing to show a sensible visitor the chameleons catching a fly, or the big monitor lizard swallowing an egg, and neither is a sight to be missed. Another creature, a large water-turtle, known as Temminck's Snapper, is most interesting *before* its meals. When it feels hungry it opens its mouth. From the muddy-coloured tongue little projections like leeches or mud-worms project and wave about, as an inducement to small fish to swim into its jaws in the hopes of a meal. This natural fish-trap is the most complete equipment for getting an easy living possessed by any animal, and is lazier than even

the methods of the Mussulman paradise, where the trees grow with the tops downwards that 'true believers' may not have the trouble of climbing them to pick the fruit.

The reptile-house is as well worth a separate visit at our Zoo as is the aquarium at that of Amsterdam. The above notes by no means cover its attractions; the smaller snakes, the iguanas, the heloderm or poisonous lizard, the Surinam toads with egg-hatching apparatus on their backs, and the collection of tropical frogs of astonishing forms and colours, from the toad of La Plata, which looks like a lump of mud covered with duckweed, eats live birds, and is said to poison horses by its bite, to the tiny green tree-frogs, are in many respects as interesting as the poisonous snakes or the giant constrictors.

Close to the reptile-house are the lion-house, the cattle sheds, the wolves and foxes' cages, and further along the southern boundary the sea-lion and seals, the sea-gulls' pond, and the 'piggery,' the home of the wild boars, whom the writer never willingly misses seeing and presenting with some food. In visiting the cattle sheds, it is as well to ask Waterman, the keeper of the cattle, what young animals are in the stables, behind the main line of stalls and yards. Recently the interesting experiments in hybridising wild cattle, which marked the early days of the Zoo, have been renewed, and a curious cross between the bull yak and zebu cow obtained. It was a shaggy black creature, in which the yak features and fur predominated. Young yaks, which sell for 30*l.* apiece, trotting oxen, young buffalos, and other wild cattle may generally be seen in the beautifully clean stalls, piled with clover hay and strewn with fine sawdust. The pure-bred Chartley bull was killed by Lord Ferrers's orders, but his descendants, bred from the wild white cattle of Bangor, are always to be seen at close quarters in the inner stable. The bull, which would take a first prize at any show, is not so mild as he looks. Last winter he attacked his keeper when he was in the yard, jumping 'all-fours off,' and then charging him. Though he nimbly climbed the railings, he was helped over the last foot or so by the bull's broad muzzle. Seen in this way the cattle sheds remind one of some Norfolk stock farm, with wild creatures in place of shorthorns and Jerseys. Waterman is an ideally good stock-keeper, and not only manages all his varied cattle—buffalo, bison, gayals, yaks, and hybrids—with great skill and sympathy, but also has much interesting information as to their tempers, habits, and

suitability for domestication. The great loss in this part of the collection is the death of the giant aurochs, the European bison, which has not yet been replaced. He was a primeval giant, far larger than the American bull bison which survived him. Those who desire to see the latter with his 'buffalo robe' on must go in the winter. In summer the back and sides are nearly bare of fur, and the mane thin and shabby.

The lion-house is so well arranged for the exhibition of its inmates that there are almost no difficulties in the way of observing them, but on the rare occasions on which any of the *Felidæ* have cubs at the Zoo, they are very jealous of visitors and nearly always make the cubs stay in the sleeping den until the Gardens are closed. The old puma who had a family last year used to do this, only bringing the cubs out to play and climb after closing time. If permission can be had to go into the passage behind the cages, the cubs may then be seen through the peephole in the shutter behind, lying at a distance of a few feet. The cubs do not know they are being watched, and behave like kittens in a basket. Those who have time should sit and watch the movements and attitudes of the lions when out in their summer cages. They constantly assume poses grander than any that sculptors have yet attributed to them. The writer has seen Mr. Gambier Bolton, F.R.S., the celebrated photographer of wild animals, sitting there by the hour, with his camera beside him, to photograph each new and characteristic attitude. To watch Mr. Gambier Bolton is to learn how to see the Zoo from another point of view than that common to ordinary or even scientific visitors. He is concerned, not with the habits, but with the form, appearance, and attitudes of animals. He has studied them in captivity in every Zoo in Europe and America, and after visiting their haunts when wild in India and the Straits Settlements, has now departed for Central Africa, armed with his camera, for a like purpose. In photographing the Zoo lions Mr. Bolton steps lightly on to the iron rail which surrounds the outdoor cages, holds the camera under his right arm, and raises the left hand, at the same time making a slight 'chirp,' which seems to interest the ears of any one of the *Felidæ*, and to make them look animated. Before concluding this brief notice of how a crack photographer sees the Zoo, it is worth mentioning that it is as well to measure the reach of a tiger's claws before putting one's head under the camera-curtain. Mr. Gambier Bolton has one of these, rather a smart

plush curtain, lined with silk, with a hole through it. The puncture is neatly inked round on the inner side, and marked 'Tiger's claw, San Francisco.' The tiger reached out between the bars, and struck his claw through, about two inches from Mr. Bolton's forehead.

Not being a photographer, the writer generally amuses himself by experiments on cats, large and small, with lavender water spilt on cotton wool. Some of the lions and leopards are certain to show the greatest delight in the scent. On the last occasion on which the writer tried the experiment, he was accompanied by a venerable prelate of the Church of England, not less accomplished as a naturalist and in the knowledge of outdoor life than as a scholar and divine. He had some misgivings that when the occupants of the lion-house were particularly wanted to show an interest in the scent, they might refuse to do so. But though it was only half an hour before feeding time, and they had had no food since four o'clock on the previous day, the jaguars, lions, and leopards showed the greatest pleasure in the perfume.

The Society's collection of foxes, wolves, and wild dogs has for some time been below the standard desirable in such a 'doggy' country as England. The cages, which are close to the lion-house, along the southern boundary of the Gardens, are too small to give the animals much room for exercise, and except an occasional litter of young dingos or Esquimaux dogs there are none of those delightful litters of young wolves and foxes which are so attractive to the public at some foreign zoological gardens. At the Hague, for instance, there was in the present spring a litter of eight young wolves, whose mother, rather thin from looking after such a family, was like a living replica of the bronze she-wolf of the Capitol. On the other hand, there are in the cages at the present time the survivors of Lieutenant Peary's Esquimaux dogs, fine black-and-white collie-like animals; and the colour changes in the Arctic foxes are always worth observing.

The fashion of going to see the lions fed forms no part of the writer's conception of 'How to see the Zoo.' All the cats look their worst when hunched up or sprawling on their bellies, gnawing bones, with their sharp canine teeth—meant for cutting flesh, and not gnawing—constantly in their way. On the other hand, nearly every other animal looks its best when at meals, from the quiet ruminants enjoying their hay to the seal, sea-lions, pelicans, and diving birds. The sea-lion's exhibition of catching fish thrown to him is artificial, but most creditable to his power of

eye. The writer has seen Dutch cranes catching nuts, but not with such perfect coolness and skill as that shown by the sea-lion in catching his fish in the air. It would be much more satisfactory if the seals, whose ponds are near that of the sea-lion, could have a glass-faced tank to catch live fish in, like that constructed for the diving birds. Their wonderful, smooth, rapid movements in the water could then be admired and better understood. Recently the writer saw the seal being made an involuntary assistant in scrubbing out its own tank. The water was three parts let out, and the keeper then threw it fish. The seal floundering about in the shallow water served the purposes of a mop, and washed the sides of the tank fairly clean of algæ and mud. Just beyond the seal-ponds, on the way to the swine-houses, are the emus' paddocks. After the first excitement of Australian discovery cooled down, emus, kangaroos, black swans, and even the ornithorhynchus, became part of the common-place of natural history. Yet few people know that the reason why 'emu trimmings' are almost the softest material in the world is that each of the hair-like feathers is really double, two shafts springing from one root. This can be verified at the Zoo by inducing the bird to let its feathers be separated by hand. Here, too, the first emus bred in England were hatched. Dr. Bennett, a Quaker gentleman, kept some tame emus in Kent, and the hen laid and began to sit. Then on a Saturday afternoon she deserted, and, as it was contrary to Dr. Bennett's principles to travel on Sunday, he took the eggs to bed with him, and there 'incubate' them all Sunday, taking them up from Beckenham to the Zoo on Monday morning. The summer litters of young wild boars, and the tame woodcock and bower birds in the Western Aviary, near the main entrance, are always worth a visit in spring and summer, and the herons' pond and gullery behind the polar bear's cage, though overcrowded, are full of nesting herons, gulls, and ibises in May and June. The public is much divided in mind on the subject of the monkeys. The writer, without feeling any strong dislike for the inhabitants of the large central cages, prefers the rare and finely-furred species in the small cages along the inner wall of the house, the Diana monkeys, blue monkeys, and marmozets. If permission can be had to visit the inner chamber, in which the first gorilla used to be exhibited, numbers of rare and delicate South American monkeys and tropical lemurs are usually to be seen, which are not able to stand the wear and tear of public life in the main room. The

oldest and in many respects the most interesting of the Zoo monkeys lives outside the house, in an open cage, exposed to all conditions of weather. This is the Tcheli monkey from the mountains near Pekin. It has been in the gardens for fourteen years, and is as attached to its keeper as a bulldog to its master. Were it at liberty it would be quite as formidable as a dog, for it tries to attack anyone who touches the keeper, and, as the bars prevent it from using its teeth, it throws any missile, with great precision, at the visitor's head. In any case a visit to the South Garden should be concluded by seeing the diving birds' exhibition of submarine flight and swimming, when fed in the fish-house at noon or 5 P.M.

The animals kept north of the main road are far less easy of access than those in the original garden in the inner circle of the park. The ground covers a long narrow space running parallel with the road, and is itself cut into two strips by the Regent's Park Canal. On these two narrow ridges are to be found some of the most interesting creatures in the collection; but each series of houses has to be visited without reference to any train of association of ideas connecting their inmates, and after the last in the row is reached it is necessary to return to the starting-point near the 'tunnel,' cross the bridge, and make a fresh lateral excursion on the other bank of the canal. If time is an object, it is no bad plan, after seeing the collection in the original garden, to pass through the tunnel, turn to the right, and, after seeing the kangaroos, the lesser cats, and the apes, to cross the bridge and visit the butterfly farm in the insect-house, and then leave the Gardens by the north gate.

This will leave the parrot-house, elephant-house, giraffes, beavers, hippopotamus, zebras, and moose-yard as untried ground for another day. The kangaroos and wallabys are some of the most *domesticated* of the wild animals in the collection. They are as tame as cats, and as they breed without difficulty in England, the pretty and strange arrangement by which the young, even when fully developed, covered with fur, and shod with long sharp hoofs, are carried in the abdominal pouch can always be seen. It is pure laziness on the part of the older 'joeys,' for they can hop about and feed themselves as well as their mothers can.

The ape-house and its vestibule, in which lives the giant ant-eater, is usually crowded and disagreeable, both in odour and temperature, in the afternoon. The new gorilla, which

is the favourite of the hour, is usually thoroughly tired of holding 'receptions' by that time; and an early morning visit is recommended. The keeper says that the young gorilla promises to be as intelligent as Sally, and its thoughtfulness, attention, and deliberation are certainly very unusual even in an anthropoid ape of such tender years. Two small coal-black apes belonging to Mr. Gambier Bolton should be noticed in this house. They are remarkably friendly and intelligent, and have little of the semi-human appearance which is so disconcerting a feature in the large species.

The small cat-house, next to the ape-house, would, if better constructed, be one of the most popular features in the Gardens. Many of the ocelots and tiger-cats are more decorative even than the leopards, though the snow-leopard is perhaps without a rival. Moreover, they are extremely interesting in view of the probable origin of our domestic cats. The result of modern inquiry shows that the domestic cats of different parts of the Old World are probably intermixed with the wild breeds, of which there are in India, for instance, several varieties, and that there is no single ancestor of the domestic cat. In the collection at the Zoo, the visitor should look at the 'chaus,' the common wild cat of India and North Africa, and another smaller cat of very similar appearance, the *Felis maniculata*, from Suakim. These are probably the ancestors of the ancient Egyptian cats. The European wild-cat and the spotted Indian tiger-cats should be contrasted with these. For beauty of fur the 'golden cat' of Sumatra, and the ocelots, in the same house, are unrivalled, and the 'fossa,' a cat-like creature from Madagascar, remarkable both for its form and rapid movement. Unfortunately, the house is rather dark—it was the old reptile-house—and the cages, square boxes with no top light and little space, do not show off the beauty of the inmates. At the Amsterdam Zoological Gardens these small cats are shown in a horseshoe-shaped series of cages facing the light; each cat has a heap of fine Italian shavings, like those sold to ornament grates, to lie on, and the whole effect is excellent.

The ocelots and most of the genets in this house are delighted with the scent of lavender water. The cats are nearly all savage, and the visitor must forego his, or her, inclination to stroke them. A very large and beautiful Norwegian lynx has just been added to the collection of cats. It is kept in the south garden, in the racoons' cages.

The 'transpontine' section of the Zoo contains a number of falcons and hawks in cages, the giant tortoises (not more remarkable, except for their size, than the little fellows sold in the streets), and the insect-house, which, though small, is infinitely charming in the spring and early summer, when the tropical moths and rare butterflies are hatching out. From the beginning of May till the middle of June there is a constant succession of broods of the Cecropian silk moths, moon moths, Tussur silk moths, and other large tropical moths with plumage like feathers and flowers mixed and blended. A few hours see the birth of from ten to thirty of these lovely creatures in a single cage, and as they are by no means ephemeral, their beauties are open to view for several days. Swarms of swallow-tailed butterflies, hornet clear-wings, stick insects, and smaller moths also appear during the month of June, and in July the larvæ of the Ailanthus and Prometheus silk moths, more brilliant in colour than the perfect insect, are seen feeding in the cases. In winter the greater number of the glass cages are lifeless, as the cocoons or chrysalides are sleeping the winter sleep. These cocoons are themselves beautiful objects; but they can be seen in summer during the hatching season no less well than in winter.

The 'Middle Garden,' to the left of the tunnel looking north, has some special attractions at the present time. The best hour at which to visit this part of the Gardens is just after six P.M. on Saturday. The band in the South Garden has finished its programme with 'God save the Queen,' which, as the two elephants know well, is the signal to cease work and have supper. Both of the giant beasts walk to the off-saddling ground, where the Indian elephant kneels and collects the last offerings of buns while the saddle is removed. Then the pair walk off to their house in the Middle Garden. Their eyes positively twinkle at the thought of their bath, their supper, and no more work till Monday, and they almost break into a trot as the pleasant sight of their pond, their hay, and the cool stable breaks upon their view. Like the farm horses, the elephants drink a prodigious quantity of water before eating their supper, and make the latter last until well after dark.

C. J. CORNISH.

THE VILLAGE OF OLD AGE.

FAR away from the noise and fret of men's business I had lived, content to find new joys in the passing days, and to welcome, year by year, with unfailing serenity, the placid monotony of fair days and foul, the coming and the flying of the swallows, the springing and the falling of the leaf.

And it was with the sad farewells of the summer that my mother bade me good-bye. With her falling to sleep the world in some dim fashion was changed to me. Strange and sombre tints sobered the autumn; the birds piped a softer note of melancholy; the dawn came but to prophesy the twilight. In the wish to rid myself in some degree of a growing distaste for my fellows, an ever-increasing moodiness of mien, I set out from my haven of rest into the busy tideways of the world. 'Surely,' thought I, 'friends are many, and welcome will be freely given me. I will die laughing, and die then of over-ripeness.' But soon I found that men forget and seldom wish to remember; that friends once so charming and so flattering see the world through keener eyes; that tongues once mellifluous taste the bitterness of life, and that ready hands have too great labour to wave greetings to one risen from the silence of the past. Vexed and disappointed, with sore heart and ill at ease, I bethought myself of Basil. Thank God, cross-roads sometimes have the same goal. I was full of hot enthusiasm to meet him face to face. What a medley of wit and philosophy his name recalled to me! One who would choose a path of thistles to flout the gardener of roses. A fellow at whom death winked, of eternal youth and heartiness. 'I will go to him; he will understand,' thought I.

Hopeful as a child I set out to find him. Nor was I greatly disturbed to find his place empty. I made my way to the village whither report was that my friend had fled, and came to a sleepy place of ancient cottages, of silent, deserted streets, and of calm weather. I asked lodging of the grey landlord of the inn. He considered me with filmy eyes. He was a man shrunken and weak-kneed, with open toothless jaws. The days of summer he spent sunning himself in his garden of vegetables, and trembling over the log fire in his brick-floored hall in days of wintry weather.

'Aye, if Janie be within,' said he. 'The streets be damp, and,

mebbe, a mouldy stench, but God a' mercy, thou'lt sleep no' the worse.'

'What of the waking, my friend?' said I gaily.

'Aye, what of the waking,' said he, 'if the slumbering be quiet and easy? Who'll heed the fret of the day? The graveyard for a', the graveyard for a'.'

I eyed him askance—this echo of a man—and rallied him with a loud laugh and in bluff manner.

'Nonsense,' said I, 'tis a place in which to crow, is the graveyard. Pshaw! we are live men. We go one better than the mouldering bones with their scanty record, that is not a moment's thought. I sit on a tombstone and see a cheerier sun and a blither day for the stuffing of my seat.'

'I would no' doubt thou'rt a stranger to these parts,' said the old man with weary lids. 'Ye canno' know the place.'

He rose from his straw cushions and tottered on feeble knees into the shadow of the narrow courtyard of lichen-grown stones which led to the house. And at his going the place seemed wondrous cheerless and quiet. The sky was blue almost to purple, and not any cloud showed in the vast expanse. The trees wore the green of spring in this month of July; but the hum of insects, the twitterings of birds, were not on the air. An empty kennel, from which crawled a rusty chain, stood in the shadow of the high wall, and a crazy dovecot leaned against the red bricks, over which climbed a cherry-tree in rich profusion of leaves. The fragrance of the flowers, the rich scent of the earth, sluggishly intermingled in the faint wind. 'Surely a sweet place of repose,' thought I. 'I will purchase pigeons and a crowing cock, and I will keep bees.'

Footsteps sounded hollowly on the stones, and the old man, followed by a feeble crone, came out of the cool shadow into the sunlight. I was mistaken. A young girl followed the old man, but pale, and bent, and hollow-cheeked, with fettered limbs and scanty hair. A beldame of ninety was the old man's niece of sixteen.

'My uncle says, "Get ready a bed,"' said she in a weak, monotonous voice.

'Yes,' said I, boisterously, 'I would like to make a meal, too. Gracious me, lass, my hunger is a savage monster bellowing for meat.'

The old man was gone back to his chair.

'There be cheese and ale,' said she.

'And a pretty maid to smile over the froth,' said I.

'A pretty maid,' said she, as though it were the refrain of some doleful ballad.

'Have you no meat—a fat leg of mutton or a red sirloin of beef, eh! with brown Yorkshire pudding?'

'There be bread and cheese,' said she with a quaver. Her head almost rested on her shoulder.

'Then Hunger shall wake Fancy,' said I. 'Fetch out for me some bread and cheese—I will eat it here, in this sunny place, with the landlord—and a good tankard of ale. That's it, my dear.'

I bent and kissed her cheek, giving her arm a little pinch. I am past the fopperies of youth, and it grieved my heart to see the maid so feeble and webegone. She simply turned without quip or toss of head, and went back into the house, out of the sunlight over the cobblestones. An old crow came cawing high up in the sky. I watched him with eagerness until my eyes could see him no longer. Then I turned to the old man, thinking to take my seat at his side. But seeing no chair, I went after the maid. The air in the courtyard was cool, and pleasant, and cleanly, breathing the fresh scent of malt and a not unpleasing mustiness as of a wine cellar. Behind an open casement I caught sight of a maid washing dishes. I popped my head in at the window.

'Now, my pretty, would you give me a plump, easy chair?' said I. 'I would keep your master company in the sunlight.'

The pallor and the weariness of her face astonished me. I withdrew my head rather ungraciously, and hastily climbed the steep stone steps, and so into the house. Fearing to pry or to intrude myself upon the secrecy of the place—secrecy! however absurd such an attribute be for a tavern open to wayfarers—I took the first chair that I saw, a chair with stiff wooden arms. With some pother and groaning I carried it back to the old man by the way I had come. I sat down beside him, and lazily set to smoking. Surely the blue smoke of a reverend pipe was no desecration to the placid place. Yet the old man's slow turn of head and his unobtrusive sick glance of wonderment, and of curiosity, and of entreaty even seemed a plaintive remonstrance; and almost unthinkingly I watched the smoke as it was bandied to and fro and swallowed up by the thin air, and let my pipe grow cold as it hung between my lips. We sat silent in the mellow sunlight. The shadow of the inn crawled over the garden until it encroached even upon us sitting there; until the old man's hair was half-burnished silver and half-dull lead.

Eagerly had I come to the inn, full of enthusiasm at my search for my friend Basil being come to an end ; now, notwithstanding, I lolled there in my chair without a word of inquiry, without the desire to speak or to know, in lethargy serene, and well content to sit with the old clown in the silence till night should come down and the twinkle of candles in the windows of the inn should call us to rest. Presently, however, came the maid, carrying a tray upon which was spread my meal. She brought to my knees a low three-legged table and set the tray thereon. The sight of the brown bread and the yellow cheese richly enlivened me, and when the maid, having gone again to the house, returned with a pint tankard of old ale I almost laughed aloud. I rose, and, with a pretty bow to the maid and a wink to the landlord, took a long pull at the stuff, gazing over the froth as I did so at the weathercock upon the inn top, all of a glitter in the reddening sun. When I replaced the tankard upon the table the maid had already tottered a few steps towards the house. I called loudly. The sound of my voice seemed as sudden as a clap of thunder in the quiet place.

‘No, no, my dear,’ said I, ‘you must give a tired traveller your pretty company and chat with him. There are some few questions I wish to put ye.’

She turned about with her right hand upon her bosom and her red hair falling in wisps upon her wrinkled forehead. She came very slowly and stood a few paces distant. I slashed at the loaf with excessive zest.

‘Poor soul!’ whimpered the old man. ‘A right eno’ lassie was Janie, ruddy as a winter apple ; aye, full of trickins and jollity. Dear God ! and a wisp, dear God, the graveyard for a’, the graveyard for a’.’

‘But, sir,’ said the maid, facing the sun, ‘here it do seem a wearisome long journey to the yard. Most of us be old folks e’en at fifteen, but in the yard not a one under ninety. I do miss me fayther’s farmyard. I look for the jangle of bells and the baa of the sheep. And my fayther had a daw. Here the day is always noon, and the night la ! a wearyin’ hour for the spirits to walk.’

‘Tut, tut, you want a holiday,’ said I, chewing my bread and cheese, for I was very hungry. ‘The neighbours should wake a clamour in this mossy place, should rummage and drive away the silence. ’Pon my word, you shall take a walk with me this very sunset.’

The old man smiled at his apple trees, heavy with young fruit. 'Thou be'st a stranger for sure—naybours!'

Then I remembered with new surprise how barren and deserted was the high road, how empty were the fields, and how desolate the gardens.

'The lassie shall take a walk on my arm,' said I, 'and see that God made the world.'

'I would no' think that God might be so cruel,' said the maid.

I jumped in my chair. 'Will you drink with me, sir?' said I with pomposity to the landlord, but I could not otherwise than stare at the red-haired, meagre girl in the sunlight.

'Nay,' said the old man, 'I'll not drink with thee. Jollity eno' for the morn, a gaudy dizened jollity, but for what is t' end of 't?—a rainbow in sleeping-time. And then the going down of the red sun. Sure we play wi' our toys, and a lean wisdom clucks i' the throat and calls 'em bubbles. Mebbe God's i' the bubble. Who knows? He drives us all into the pen. The day be late. The dew falls very heavy at times.'

I was sick of speech, and set to my victuals with poor simulation of relish. When I had finished my joyless meal, I spoke again. Try as I would, my voice was bereft of its ring; weariness was again stealing upon me. 'I have come a long distance to find a friend. Men have pointed me out this village, have told me that here I shall find him. Pray, sir, do you know my friend, Mr. Basil Gray?'

The old man never turned his palsied head. He peered at me vacantly out of the corners of his feeble eyes. 'I know none o' the name,' said he.

'He lives in the Grey House,' said the maid; 'an old man wi' beautiful silver hair. I know him, sir, in the Grey House, where the owls hoot o' nights, and ivy bursts in at the windows.'

'Silver hair!' said I, in dismay. 'His hair is black, and his voice loud and full. Good people, you live in this remote nook out of the world, and you look at all things through an old man's spectacles. Silver hair! . . . Now, my pretty maid, you shall show me the house. I am tired of being alone. Fancy this, I have not a friend alive but Mr. Gray. In the midst of a hale hearty life to be alone! Fancy it! Now, little maid, come away.'

I thought the old man smiled faintly at something in my speech. I cannot say. I spoke very tenderly, for a sudden pity and a new sympathy had come into me for the frail child. Perhaps

some day I shall need the like, thought I. So I put my arm round her waist, and we went together into the house. When we reached the steep steps I saw upon the topmost a little child. This pleased me greatly. 'And whom does this mite, this flower-maiden belong to?' said I. 'Now, little one, come and play with me. Many years have gone by since I was a little child. Come along. Put on the bonnet, and we will gather pretty posies and weave daisy-chains. Dear me, it seems that my mother taught me but yesterday.'

I talked like a pantaloon. The little child climbed up and stood in the doorway, its tiny thin finger in its mouth, and its round grey eyes looking into my eyes, and looking out at something far away, something which seemed to catch my breath, to lay an icy finger upon my heart.

'I am tho tired,' lisped the little creature; 'and mummy thayth the pothieth 'll die in my hot hands.'

I said never a word, but still with my arm round the maid's waist, for she seemed to have become an unwonted comfort to me, we passed into the house. The maid led me through the tiled passages upon which the red sun shone. The reflected ruddiness of the bricks prettily reddened her cheek. Together we went up the wide and twisted staircase and into a little room, clean and white, which overlooked the old man sitting solitary in the garden. Far away in the soft blue haze were the ruinous tower of the church and the beckoning gravestones.

'A pretty white room, lassie,' said I.

'Sure it be very quiet,' said she, 'and sometimes I think there be talkers in the air, and sometimes, as it were, birds at sundown. When I be lying wake i' the long nights, I do think the blackness will some day come down upon me, and cover me up out o' sight.'

I sat on the little bed and looked up at the ceiling, and I saw Night frowning upon the child.

'But God is with you,' said I, and when I had said it I looked for Him at my side and found Him gone. I turned to the maid, and knew the child's solitude, and heard the echoes of the talkers and the hovering winds. I pined to see her lips blossom into smiles. And, as in languid negligence she smoothed her hair before the open casement, I bethought me of a precious jewel—one which I had set great store by—a gem of lustre and elegance, a delight for young eyes. I searched my wallet and found the gem. This I fastened at the throat of the maid. My heart grew

sick at its lack of lustre. The smile of the maid was the smile of autumn in a garden of flowers.

'Oh!' cried I, 'jewels glitter brightest at dawn. Wait till the sun like a giant comes out of the east. Wait for the lark and the new flowers of dawn. Then we will be gay, you and I.'

'After the night, sir,' said the maid.

I looked out upon the dolorous garden, upon the lazy crone, upon the gilded fields.

'After the night,' said I, taking the maid's hand in mine. She put on her white bonnet and we went out of the room. Opposite to us was a door ajar. Of late inquisitiveness had grown upon me. I had much difficulty in refraining from pampering the habit. I pushed the door a little wider and peeped in. I looked into a darkened room; I saw in the gloaming a tumbled bed. A still sick man eyed me with glassy eyes. I felt that one more wrinkle was scrawled upon my face.

The sun was ripe for setting as the maid and I set out upon the white road between the hedges. The doors of the cottages were shut. The flowers in the gardens were in rank disorder and choked with rank weeds. Only one man we saw. He sat outside his cottage door with his grindstone in front of him—a very old shrunk man, busily grinding his scythe. But his fingers were so weak that the steel scarcely grated upon the stone, and made only a low humming sound, soft as the hum of bees in a distant hive.

'Tis Simon, the mower,' said the maid; 'he be for ever grinding his scythe, but, la, he's too weak to snap a twig,' she smiled compassionately.

The grinder never turned his bent head nor stayed his profitless labour.

'All day long,' said the maid, 'all day long sings the drone of his scythe; and the childer used to sit quiet at the window watching wi' their eyes of mice for the sparks to skip fro' the stone. Their yellow hair was just golden in the green. But the childer a' gone back fro' the window, and all the white summer day the buzz shakes i' the air. Ay, and i' winter. Oh, sir, the sun climbs up sick and sulky, and crawls lik' a fat snail i' the blue, and goes down by the Black Mill, and the darkness eats him up. I do feel that my heart is o' glass and be nigh to broken' when the chill night sneaks in at the keyhole. I do miss the cluck'n' hens in the sunny dust and the douce-smell'n hay.'

I spied furtively at the glazed windows, but no children looked

out upon us thence, and the forsaken nests of birds in the thatch were draggled and in wisps like a widow's weeds. Not long after the maid and I came to the village well. The hoary stones were green in patches. The brown shreds of a broken pitcher lay in the dust at our feet. There I was fain to sit and muse, looking into the still black waters, which seemed to have in hiding the silence of the dead. But my friend called me, and we journeyed on together hand in hand. With each step upon our way I seemed to draw nearer to the thoughts of the antiquated maid at my side. Myself was not left behind, for the pleasure and lustiness of youth took a new colour. Feeble knees and waning courage were carrying me out of the ken of the world. Yet my mind's calm was rather the calm of a child's awakening to the morn than the lazy ease of falling to sleep at the slow coming of night. We climbed a steep and rocky way, full of ruts and holes, and upon our eyes, when we turned an angle of the road and came out from under the gloomy cedars, suddenly shone the red windows of a house standing gaunt and solitary and watchful upon a crest of the hill.

'There be the Grey House,' said the maid, kneeling down amidst the long green grass.

The evening was glorious.

Here was left behind the toil and fret of men's business. And while I was looking under my hand towards the brightness, a strange company of men defiled between the iron gates of the house, carrying a burden upon their shoulders. I sat down with the maid by the roadside, and waited until the procession should come up with us. When they were come near I shouted, 'Is Mr. Basil Gray at home?'

The weedy men paused. They put down their burden in the dust. They shot furtive glances the one to the other.

'Ay, sir, "at home" that he be,' shrilly laughed a wizened little man who led the way with a lighted lantern and a mattock.

The maid turned to the west. I bent over the box, and read my friend's name upon the lid. Death took me by the hand. Presently the little band proceeded on their way. The maid and I followed afar off. . . . When darkness was come I tottered to my musty snowy chamber in the little inn. The wan child led the way, carrying a candle. I sat at the open window. For a long time I watched the sexton labouring by the stilly light of his lantern and the yellow crescent moon in the graveyard of the 'Village of Old Age.'

WALTER RAMAL.

PAGES FROM A PRIVATE DIARY.

July 1st.—The young wrynecks, alas! are dead, no doubt killed by their parents through my folly in taking one out of the nest. They are very uncommon birds in the neighbourhood, hence my wish to examine them. They dug their hole in an old apple-tree just below where it had lost a branch, so that the wood was rotten; and not more than five feet from the ground, so that I could watch them easily. Of course, I had to widen the orifice before I could remove the youngster. The snake-like twist they can give to their neck, and their snake-like hiss, make them rather uncanny birds, and may account for their use in divination by Greek wizards. They were spread-eagled on a wheel, and turned, or perhaps whirled, round. Simætha, in Theocritus, uses such a wheel to charm back her faithless lover, Delphis. The poor birds must have rejoiced at the advent of Christianity, modern Christian witches preferring to conjure with robins and other birds of bright plumage.

2nd.—The Agricultural Rating Bill passed its third reading by two county Radical votes over the Government majority. The Committee debates have slowly exhibited, or perhaps evolved, the Government position, at last clearly stated by Mr. Balfour in his concluding speech, that the Bill is meant not only to relieve a greatly distressed industry in redemption of election pledges, but also as a contribution towards remedying the present monstrous injustice in the assessment to local rates. The 'Spectator' deserves much credit for keeping this side of the question uppermost. It is to be hoped that the Government will sooner or later overhaul the whole bad business, but not without more deliberation than they thought necessary before overhauling our educational system. The Janus-faced contention of the Opposition that the proposed relief is, as regards the landowners, an enormous subsidy, but as regards the agricultural interest generally a drop in the bucket, reminds me of an ancient story about a little girl and a piece of cake:

Little girl: Is that *large* piece of cake for grandfather?

Mamma: No, dear, for you.

Little girl: What a *small* piece of cake!

The new vicar, who is not so good a Conservative as we could wish, is indignant with the Government for not allowing the relief to the clergy, who are notoriously 'over-rated,' on tithe rent charge. At present, he tells me, he pays half as much rates as Tom; and when the Act comes into operation he will pay exactly the same amount, for Tom, who farms his own land, will get the reduction. This certainly seems preposterous in regard, for example, to the road-rate, for Tom wears the roads much more with his carriage horses and plough-teams than the vicar with his one pony and 'humble vehicle.'

4th.—A curious example presented itself this morning of our growing sensitiveness to criticism, and also of our ready invention in the manufacture of scandal. A person who makes mineral water at some distance from here sent in his card and asked to see me, and on being shown into the library began this catechism: 'Sir, did you pay a visit to — last Friday week? Did you stop to lunch? Did you say at lunch that my soda water was enough to give everybody typhus fever?' I endeavoured to persuade the little man that he was misinformed, that I did not so much as know that he existed; still less, if possible, that he made mineral waters; that I could not, therefore, have censured them; and that so far as my memory served the topic did not arise; so that his friend the footman must have confused two people and two occasions. I then warned him that perhaps the circulation of such a report was not the most advantageous form of self-advertisement, because a man's mineral water should be not only pure, but above suspicion. He left in some excitement, generously accepting my disclaimer, but determined to find the truth somehow. I was tempted to suggest that he might find the truth at the bottom of his well, but he would not have understood. Poor lady! No wonder Lucian thought her ἀμυδρὰ καὶ ἀσαφὴς τὸ χρῶμα—wan and washed out in complexion; but it would be a pity she should have typhus.

6th.—The garden sundial came unrivettted from its pedestal some months ago, and has been laid aside ever since, as it seemed to the ladies a pity to lose the opportunity of decorating it with a motto. We are all gone crazy about mottoes in this part of the world. Every new house that is built must have its motto, and the selection gives a good deal of entertainment both to the house-builders and their neighbours. Well, fashion must be followed, so this morning I have been reading through Mrs.

Gatty's collection of sundial mottoes, being stimulated to industry by my stop-gap gardener's inquiry whether he might not put a pot of hydrangeas on the pedestal. So I explained its purpose. The best mottoes seem to be the best known, such as—'Non nisi coelesti radio,' 'Horas non numero nisi serenas,' 'Pereunt et imputantur,' but one cannot use these. A favourite device was to print 'we shall,' and leave 'di(e)—al(l)' to be supplied by the local wits; but that is too *macabre*. I remember an uncle of mine choosing 'Sensim sine sensu' from the *De Senectute*, and being very indignant with a friend of his, a fine scholar, who tried to convince him that he had pitched upon an interpolation. On the whole, I doubt if I shall find anything better than my first idea of 'Cogitavi dies antiquos' ('I have considered the days of old'), from the 77th Psalm. It is dignified, and to a reflective mind monitory without being impudently didactic, and I am fond of the Vulgate. The seventeenth-century preachers and essayists were fortunate in being able to quote it, 'to saffron with their predicacioun,' but it should be kept for sober occasions. Matthew Arnold was something too liberal in his use: it became a mere trick of style with him.

7th.—Sir William Harcourt is a joy for ever, and his speeches 'the triumph of a letter'd heart.' At Holloway yesterday the fare was the usual 'hashed cabbage'—peers and priests, bishops and bogies—but the cooking was of that sublime order which, as Chaucer says, 'can turn substance into accident,' or one may add, accident into substance. It was delightful to hear a statesman quote once more from the 'Vanity of Human Wishes'; but the quotation interested me for another reason; one saw so clearly how it came to be near the surface of Sir William's mind. It was from the passage about the 'Banks of Trent,' which must have echoed again and again in his memory, when that tragic collapse befell at Derby, after coquetting with the Drink Bill.

Why lived I not with safer pride content,
The wisest Member on the banks of Trent?

And then follow the lines he quoted:

(Oh, why did Wolsey) near the steeps of fate
On weak foundations raise the enormous weight? &c.

I notice that one of the papers in a report of the Queen's Review of her Jubilee nurses, says, 'The nurses curtsied *thrice simultaneously*, which had a novel and pleasing effect.'

8th.—Made our annual excursion to White Horse Hill. We lunched, as usual, at the 'Blowing Stone.' Five minutes' practice once a year for half a century has not taught me the trick of blowing it, and Sophia remains the one member of the family who can rouse the fog-horn blast by which Alfred is *said* to have gathered his forces. It was almost too warm for the climb, but we persisted, and were rewarded at the top by the breeze over the downs. I drove Sophia in the light pony-cart along the Ridgeway to Uffington Castle, and (to quote the words of a recent 'Spectator') 'enjoyed the sensations of a British chief driving his springless car to the fortress of his tribe.' But, more fortunate than this writer, we did not smash our chariot in effecting an entrance into the camp. The vale lies stretched out below in vast and level panorama, 'like the garden of the Lord,' and there is no such lovely sight, to my thinking, anywhere. It is a little sad, too, for all the towns one sees are slowly decaying, largely through their own folly in refusing the Great Western Railway. Reading had more foresight, and in the half-century has more than trebled its population. Perhaps it is not so sad after all, for Wantage remains what it was to Bishop Butler if not quite what it was to King Alfred, and Faringdon has still its memories of Saxon kings (not to mention Pye), while Reading is like a strong ass couching down between the two burdens of Sutton's seeds and Palmer's biscuits. After tea we drove on to Uffington village for the sake of Hughes's memory. But the church is a splendid specimen of Early English architecture, and well worth a visit for its own sake, as our American cousins are sure to find out soon, and make it a shrine of pilgrimage. The vicar should open a subscription list for some memorial, as they are doing at Rugby. The school-house still stands as it did when Tom Brown and Jacob Doodlecalf were caught at the porch by the choleric wheelwright, only the date over the door is not 1671, as you see it in the illustration, but 1617. The inscription just indicated in the picture is as follows :—

*Nil foedum dictu vitiq; hæc limina tangat
Intra quæ pueri. A.D. 1637.*

The 'pueri' is emphatic, and is explained by one of the rules of the founder on the walls within :—

'Whereas it is a most common and usual course for many to send their daughters to common schools to be taught together with and amongst all sorts of youths, which course is by many

conceived very uncomely and not decent, therefore the said school-master may not admit any of that sex to be taught in the said school.'

The room is now used as a village reading-hall. Tom Hughes's 'Scouring of the White Horse' describes with a wonderful vividness, which was one of his gifts as a writer, the 'pastimes' that used to be held on occasion of the scouring, and it remains their memorial. For now the old idol is kept clean by the tenant without ceremony. It is a quaint notion—an ancient idol scourged by a muscular Christian. People who write in the papers are not old enough to remember the hideous Clapham School religion, from which 'muscular Christianity' helped to deliver us. There is a good sketch of it in Laurence Oliphant's 'Piccadilly.' Its outward symbol was black kid gloves, and its pass-words were many, perhaps the most odious being the word 'engage.' When a clergyman called, it was quite customary for him to say, 'Shall we engage?' and then and there you were expected to let him hale you into the presence of your Maker. Its organ in the press was a paper called the 'Record,' which ruled the religious world with a rod of iron. Any parson caught thinking for himself was noted, and

Without reprieve condemned to death
For want of well-pronouncing shibboleth;

the 'death' in question being not only professional, the disfavour of Lord Shaftesbury and loss of preferment, but 'the second death' as well, with quarters assigned in the disciplinary department of paradise. The persecution of that good man Frederick Maurice, the prophet of the musculars, the memory of which has been preserved, like a fly in amber, by Tennyson's delightful ode to him, helped to disgust moderate people; and meanwhile the Oxford school was growing in influence. Of course 'muscular Christianity' could never have become really popular with the clergy, as it reduced them to the position of second-rate laymen.

10th.—There was a nut-hatch very busy in one of the limes this morning. The bees are also busy there; but listening to them as they 'improved the shining hour' made me less and less inclined for business myself. In fact I fell asleep. A modern poet notes 'a hum of bees in the queenly robes of the lime' as one of the most delightful noises in nature, and so it is; though his line, when I quote it, makes Sophia shake her petticoats. On my way

to —, to consult my lawyer about a boundary dispute with G. P., I met a party of three magpies, which should bode good fortune. Prosit! The hedges are in their full summer glory:—

lovely to see

With mullein, and mallow, and agrimony,
With campion, and chicory handsome and tall,
And the darling red poppy that's gayest of all,

to quote a very old-fashioned poetaster. Indeed such is summer's pomp and prodigality that many things slip by without being enough enjoyed. That ancient allegory of the pursuit of pleasure, which still eludes the pursuer, is wonderfully true even of such a mild delight as the enjoyment of summer; one cannot really set to work to enjoy it; the enjoyment comes when it wills in chance waves; but I have ever an absurd feeling that, while I am occupied with business indoors, flowers are wasting their sweetness, and birds their melody, and summer is growing old. But to go out is not necessarily to find enjoyment.

The visit of the Artillery Company of Massachusetts to their elder brethren in England should help to patch up the sentimental alliance between the two countries. But sentiment will not last unless it is supported by courtesy and tact. Now it is a curious and unfortunate thing that while individual Americans often excel Englishmen in these qualities (one need go no further for an instance than Colonel Walker of the H.A.C., and that fine phrase of his about Her Majesty, 'her queenliness as a woman and her womanliness as a queen')—the bulk of those prominent in politics seem singularly destitute of both, and there is no diplomatic tradition. Happily the educated classes are thoroughly alive to the danger of such a state of things; and meanwhile England must remember that America is a young country with a Civil Service improving indeed, but still far from organised, and with the right of the young to be infallible. There is an interesting 'Tatler' (No. 41) about the Artillery Company, describing a sham fight in the streets of London on June 29, 1709; which shows that the H.A.C. was to the wits of two centuries ago what the Rifle Volunteers were to 'Punch' in the sixties.

11th.—There seems a chance of the Parish Council meetings becoming more lively. Both Tom and his wife are on the council, Tom being chairman, and they regard it as a highly useful means of registering their benevolent *ukases*. But the vicar, who has

been elected this year, is full of notions and wants to democratise it. As a first step, to ensure publicity for the discussions, he has persuaded a few old women to attend the meetings, all the men being too busy in their gardens and not very keenly interested. Last night there was a debate about housing. The vicar maintained that certain cottages (not Tom's) were a disgrace to the village, and that the people who live in them were very respectable people who had a right (ominous word!) to decent houses if they could pay for them. Tom replied that if he or anyone else built new cottages for these people, others anything but respectable would be only too glad to come into the empty ones. That is true enough. The solution, of course, is for Tom to buy the cottages in question, and either reconstruct or pull them down; and this, if no one suggests it to him, he will probably do. But such debates as last night's will soon bring up the council to the level of interest of Lord Salisbury's circus.

15th.—St. Swithin's: just enough rain for the 'apple christening.'

H.M. Inspector paid a 'visit without notice' to the school. At least it was without notice so far as the schoolmaster was concerned; I had known the awful secret for three days past as he had proposed himself for luncheon. So I happened to call at the school and found him there. He is a good inspector, if a trifle 'tarrifying,' as we say here. Most inspectors are terrifying; so much depends upon their verdict, and it is difficult for them to keep the sense of their importance out of their manner. One inspector I know exercises a quite extraordinary and basilico-like fascination by virtue of a rather stony blue eye, and a lapis-lazuli in his finger-ring of the same tint. These in a remarkable way react upon and reduplicate each other. He, too, is a good fellow, but full of fads, and the worst of these is grammar. I heard him once take a class in grammar. He asked, amongst other useless things, the meaning of 'intransitive.' Happily no child knew, so he proceeded to explain. 'Intransitive means *not going over*; an intransitive verb expresses an action that does not *go over* to an object. For example, the verb *jump* is intransitive; if I say, "the cat jumps," I describe an action that doesn't "*go over*." O mad inspector! I fear your teaching proved more intransitive than your cat's jump. At luncheon H.M. Inspector amused us with professional anecdotes. At a remote village school he had surprised the infant mistress watering the children with a garden

rose before the examination began to keep them fresh. Another story was of a child whom he asked to explain the word 'pilgrim.' 'Please, sir, a man who travels about.' 'But I travel about. Am I a pilgrim?' 'Please, sir, a *good* man.' As an example of what is meant by 'visualising' in children (and the want of it in inspectors), he told us of a small boy who could not add nine to seven. The inspector, to make the sum easy, put it thus: 'Suppose you had nine apples in one hand and seven in the other, how many would you have altogether?' 'I should have two jolly good handfuls.'

16th.—The papers report this morning the unveiling of three monuments: a bust in the Abbey of Thomas Arnold, a statue to Newman at the Brompton Oratory, and a granite column crowned by a bust of Shakespeare in the churchyard of St. Mary, Aldermanbury, to the editors of the first folio, Heminge and Condell. It was interesting to notice as characteristic of our tolerant age that several distinguished persons passed from the first of these celebrations to the second. The names of Heminge and Condell are less *répandus*; but their service to literature cannot easily be exaggerated, and it is pleasant to think that the great public should recognise who it is they have to thank (under Shakespeare) for eighteen of his thirty-six dramas. 'We have but collected them,' they say, 'and done an office to the dead to procure his orphans guardians, without ambition either of self-profit or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare.' *Fellow* implies that they were players—Heminge a poor one, 'Stuttering Hemmings' he is called; but besides being players, they were the leading proprietors and managers of the Globe and Blackfriars theatres, and so the owners of the plays they allowed to be published. In Shakespeare's will there is an item interlined: 'To my fellowes, John Hemynges, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, xxvj^s viij^d a peece to buy them ringes.' The commentator Steevens has some amusing remarks on the greasy condition of most copies of the first folio that have come down:—

'Of all volumes those of popular entertainment are soonest injured. It would be difficult to name four folios that are oftener found in dirty and mutilated condition, than this first assemblage of Shakespeare's plays, "God's Revenge against Murder," "The Gentleman's Recreation," and "Johnson's Lives of the Highwaymen." Though Shakespeare was not, like Fox the Martyrologist,

deposited in churches to be thumbed by the congregation, he generally took post on our hall tables; and that a multitude of his pages have "their effect of gravy" may be imputed to the various eatables set out every morning on the same boards. It should seem that most of his readers were so chary of their time, that (like Pistol, who gnaws his leek and swears all the while) they fed and studied at the same instant. I have repeatedly met with thin flakes of piecrust between the leaves of our author. These unctuous fragments, remaining long in close confinement, communicated their grease to several pages deep on each side of them. It is easy enough to conceive how such accidents might happen—how Aunt Bridget's mastication might be disordered at the sudden entry of the Ghost into the Queen's closet, and how the half-chewed morsel dropped out of the gaping Squire's mouth when the visionary Banquo seated himself in the chair of Macbeth. Still, it is no small eulogium on Shakespeare that his claims were more forcible than those of hunger. Most of the first folios now extant are known to have belonged to ancient families resident in the country.' Would that our ancient family possessed its copy, how succulent soever!

18th.—Met some people who have long lived at Woodbridge, and tried to glean a few fresh stories about Edward Fitz-Gerald, but with no success. All they could tell me was that he never entertained and rarely accepted invitations; that he walked about a great deal always wearing a plaid, always apparently lost in thought and recognising nobody, being indeed also short-sighted. He seems to have been regarded by the neighbours with a certain awe as a student and man of letters, though no one quite knew what he wrote or studied. The story lingers in the place that he once instructed his boatman to sew him up when he died in a hammock and pitch him overboard. But I am told that his tomb is now a place of pilgrimage, I suppose to young gentlemen who think the quatrains of Omar Khayyám the last word in the criticism of life. The pity of it, that Fitz-Gerald should have sacrificed so exquisite a literary gift to refurbishing such antique pessimism, and the irony of it, for a man who was always censuring Tennyson for his effeminating sentiment and calling on him for trumpet-blasts. I suppose if a man will live alone in a damp country and dine daily on vegetables and his own heart, there is no resisting pessimism. But Fitz-Gerald would himself have recognised that the quatrains were the poem of a mood. C. gave

me lately E. F. G.'s Sophocles, with his autograph, and the funny churchwarden-Gothic book-plate designed for him by Thackeray. I remember being once told that Fitz-Gerald and Charles Keene were friends for a long time on the ground of a common attachment to the bag-pipes before either knew the side of the other that the world now cares for.

19th.—Sunday. Megrimms, so did not go to church. Who was it said that the one pleasure that never palled was the pleasure of not going to church? I have a notion that it was the Bishop of ——. Anyhow it could only be by reference to a constant type that the aberration would interest. Having Fitz-Gerald in my mind, I took down the first volume of Wesley's Journal, a book of which E. F. G. thought highly, to read by way of sermon. It covers the years of Wesley's missionary expedition to the new colony of Georgia. One does not know which to wonder at most, his toughness of body or his toughness of mind. Both were extraordinary. What would one of even our hardest-worked London clergy think of the following Sunday programme:—

5–6.30 a.m. First English prayers.

9. Italian service for the Vaudois.

10.30–12.30. English service and sermon.

1 p.m. French service.

2. Catechising of children.

3. English evensong, followed by prayer meeting, &c.

6.30. German service, at which, however, Wesley attended only.

For another proof of his very remarkable physique, one might take this account of a travelling adventure, which was by no means unparalleled in his Colonial experience:—

'Mr. Delamotte and I, with a guide, set out to walk to the Cow-pen; when we had walked two or three hours, our guide told us plainly, "He did not know where we were." However, believing it could not be far off, we thought it best to go on. In an hour or two we came to a cypress swamp, which lay directly across our way; there was not time to walk back to Savannah before night, so we walked through it, the water being about breast-high. By that time we had gone a mile beyond it, we were out of all path, and it being now past sunset, we sat down, intending to make a fire and to stay there till morning; but finding our tinder wet we were at a stand. I advised to walk on still, but my companions being faint and weary, were for lying down, which we accordingly

did about six o'clock ; the ground was as wet as our cloaks, which (it being a sharp frost) were soon froze together ; however, I slept till six in the morning. There fell a heavy dew in the night, which covered us over as white as snow. Within an hour after sunrise we came to a plantation, and in the evening, without any hurt, to Savannah.' (Wednesday, December 23, 1736.)

Every page of the Journal testifies to the scholar no less than the gentleman. He quotes obscure Greek epigrams ; he reads to his Savannah flock exhortations of St. Ephrem Syrus. Fancy Mr. H. P. Hughes reading the rhythms of this saint to a congregation at St. James's Hall ! On his voyage back to England he reads Machiavelli to see what can be made of that political dissenter, and comes to a decided conclusion :—

' In my passage home, having procured a celebrated book, the works of Nicholas Machiavel, I set myself carefully to read and consider it. I began with a prejudice in his favour, having been informed he had often been misunderstood, and greatly misrepresented. I weighed the sentiments that were less common ; transcribed the passages wherein they were contained ; compared one passage with another, and endeavoured to form a cool impartial judgment. And my cool judgment is, that if all the other doctrines of devils which have been committed to writing since letters were in the world were collected together in one volume, it would fall short of this : and that should a prince form himself by this book, so calmly recommending hypocrisy, treachery, lying, robbery, oppression, adultery, whoredom and murder of all kinds, Domitian or Nero would be an angel of light compared to that man.' (January 26, 1737.)

22nd.—My sister had invited Eugenia to town to see the royal wedding, and I accompanied her, as I wished once more to remonstrate with Charlotte about her intention of bequeathing my father's collection of *virtù* to the Kensington Museum. Charlotte is loyalty itself, and so we were not surprised to find all the windows in her house ablaze with geraniums and tobacco-plants, red and white being, as she informed us, the Danish colours. Unfortunately, the royal personages did not pass through Chester Square, so that they were none the happier. But the policeman seemed impressed, and no doubt the houses opposite which had not decorated felt snubbed. I went with the ladies to Jack's rooms in Piccadilly to look at the procession.

Read at the Club Mr. Gladstone's attack on the minor poet in

Henley's 'New Review.' 'He may write if he likes, but he must not print.' The advice has an air of wisdom, and it may be offered with even more urgency to translators of Horace. For translation, though undoubtedly a useful exercise, cannot deserve printer's ink and paper unless the translator be a poet of equal genius with his author. And poets do not, as a rule, think it worth while to translate each other. Why is it that Horace appeals so irresistibly to the prosaic mind—even of good men? Why, for instance, should the venerable hand that gave us an annotated Psalter give us also a version of Horace? For my part, I sympathise strongly with the poet, still happily living, who, on being asked to English an ode of Horace, replied, 'I should as soon think of doing Moore into Greek anapæsts or Tupper into Greek elegiacs.' Mr. Gladstone suggests that when a man discovers he is not a great poet he should cease to print. But how is this simple-sounding discovery to be made? The poet does not, like the orator, appeal to the crowd, and estimate his greatness by the poll. He knows that if his gift is original it must at first be vocal only to the understanding few, for the crowd read only what their demagogues bid them. It was Bright who made Lewis Morris's vogue, and for how many reputations is not Mr. Gladstone responsible! The recent competition for the laureateship, which to thoughtless people seemed so ridiculous, meant no more than that poets, like other authors, prefer a large to a small sale, and so wished to secure the great public that buys only what has the *cachet*. But Mr. Gladstone would reply, let the young poet consult the critics.

Alas! who are the critics? His critic may be the man he snubbed yesterday at the Club; or some young puppy fresh from the University bent on using his milk-teeth at all costs; or some editor, with a bee in his bonnet, determined that Bilson shall be the greatest living poet, and every other father's son, Tomson, Dickson, and Harrison nowhere. Austin Dobson has an interesting apologue, called 'The Poet and the Critics,' in 'At the Sign of the Lyre.' If, on the other hand, the young poet gets praise, it will probably be because he is himself a member of the press-gang. I recollect once meeting a notable critic, who told me he had reviewed a certain book by a friend of his eight times anonymously, besides writing a skit upon it; but as the book was inscribed to him he felt obliged to review it also in the 'Academy,' where he could sign his name. The public, then, being uninte-

rested, and the critics interested, the young poet must fall back on himself. But if he understands how bad his first book is, it will only be because he has the power to make the next better, and so he will try again. Similarly he will try again, if he thinks his book good. So that the situation is really hopeless, and must be left. Mr. Gladstone adds a grumble that young poets send their books to him; but in thus complaining he is trespassing upon a peculiar of Mr. A. Lang's.

24th.—Stayed in town to attend the presentation of the statuette of Sir Thomas More to the Chelsea Library. It is curious that London should be content with such a meagre memorial of one of her greatest sons.

Went afterwards to a meeting of a little society to encourage the employment of men who have served their time with the colours. Could not a similar society be started to find occupation for retired officers? Surely we are as a class the most pitiable people in the world. A day arrives when we lose our chief interest in life. The routine work of duty, the slave that bore the burden and heat with a light heart and easy conscience falls dead; and we must look about for a successor. Sometimes the by-work is set to the mill, and loses much of its zest in consequence. L. turns his lathe now all the morning, instead of at odd moments, and his house is fast filling with useless little pots; H. scours the country collecting grandfather's clocks for the sake of the brass corners on their faces; M. has taken up with the Church Association, and pesters the Bishops with resolutions against Rome. They are fairly happy; but how many I know at Eastbourne and Southsea and other watering-places, who are sorely conscious, except for a month or two in autumn, of the passage of time—'time's discrete flow,' as the psychologists call it—the odious *now, now, now*. 'A man's life's no more than to say *one*,' said Hamlet; but that was his hopelessly unpractical turn of mind, or possibly his fulness of matter. To many it is to say *one, one, one*, as the clock ticks.

27th.—Went to the sale at — Manor. Fuller long ago remarked that Berkshire land was skittish and apt to throw its rider; but since the great fall in prices it has been changing hands very rapidly. The old yeomen of whom the county has long made its boast—Mavor attributing to Mr. Pitt the saying 'that no minister could command ten votes in Berkshire'—are finding it impossible to go on farming at a loss, and are selling

their land to *nouveaux riches* from town. The old manor-houses are pulled down and mansions take their place. It is a sad change for the yeomen and their friends, and perhaps for the country, but profitable for the peasantry, who will get better paid and housed.

28th.—What a topsy-turvy sort of vanity is that which takes pleasure in being like distinguished people. I met a curate this afternoon at our Member's garden-party who is the very twin of the Archbishop of Canterbury, only that he is of course 'less consequential about the legs.' He had the archiepiscopal carriage and look, even to the smile, which is a good smile, though not quite so good as the Pope's;—*that* seems to have more centuries behind it. I know, too, several middle-aged gentlemen who are not unlike the newspaper pictures of the Prince of Wales. But how can the resemblance in any reasonable way feed vanity, as it certainly does? There is more interest in being like the mighty dead, because one may cherish a mild Pythagoreanism. For example, my own nickname at school was Socrates, and I have recently discovered that I might have sat for the portrait of Ravaillac. Sophia often asks me why I keep a portrait of the poet Gray on my mantelpiece; the reason is that it is so very like her, especially about the chin; but I do not like to say so, as she might not be flattered.

30th.—Read the August 'Cornhill.' It is always a puzzle to me how people can enjoy fiction in monthly doses. 'Jack,' whose theological speculations are here chronicled, must be 'elderly,' like the baby in the 'Bab Ballads,' for some of his heresies were told us before I began to shave. But there are others which no less deserve record. For instance, he came in one day in a great hurry to ask God's Christian name, and was told He had none. 'It's of no consequence,' was the reply, 'I have put Alfred'; Alfred being the name of his grandfather, the Archdeacon. On another occasion, when the floor was up in the dining-room to mend a gas-pipe, he came to his mother with tears in his eyes, and said, 'O mother, I know I'm lost; but I cannot help pitying that poor dear Devil; and so I've been and poured some water down the hole in the dining-room floor.' Jack has a Scotch cousin Donald, who is of a more metaphysical turn of mind, as becomes a Shorter Catechumen. The following little dialogue will show that he inherits the faith of his fathers:—

Donald: Mother, was Jesus Christ a Jew?

Mother: Yes, Donald.

Donald: But how could He be, when God the Father is a Presbyterian?

*CLARISSA FURIOSA.*¹

BY W. E. NORRIS.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

'THE GIRL OF THE FUTURE.'

WHITHER is an ex-military man who has not an acre of land to call his own, but who is in the enjoyment of a modest competence, to betake himself if not to London? Sir Guy Luttrell, while admitting to himself that there were reasons against his settling down in the capital of his native land, could not, on severing his connection with the Cumberland Rangers, see what alternative course was open to him. One wants to be within reach of one's friends, if one does not always want to be within reach of one's nearest relations, and London, after all, is surely a large enough place to hold two people whose anxiety to avoid one another is mutual. So in the middle of the winter, when hunting men were anathematising the frost and warm sunshine was flooding the hills of distant Pau, Sir Guy took up his quarters in certain rooms that he knew of near one of his clubs, resolved (as indeed it was his nature to be) to make the best of what could not be helped. He did not make his advent known to his wife, preferring that she should become aware of it—as she certainly must ere long—through her uncle, upon whom he found it necessary to call.

Mr. Dent gave him a very friendly reception, answered with businesslike lucidity various questions respecting money matters, and was equally unhesitating in his response to a further query which Guy addressed to him towards the conclusion of their interview.

'Well, yes; since you ask me, I should say that you had better keep in the background for the present. Clarissa, as I dare say you know, is somewhat conspicuously in the foreground just now, and the moment is hardly propitious for plucking her by the sleeve.'

'I don't want to pluck her by the sleeve,' said Guy; 'I don't want to interfere with her in any way. Only it might be as well

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for her to be told that I am here. I shouldn't like her to imagine things—such as that I had come up to London to spy upon her, for instance. She has a rather vivid imagination, you see, where I am concerned.'

Mr. Dent contemplated the speaker with a suspicion of a twinkle in his eye. 'Yes,' he agreed, 'Clarissa is the victim of imagination for the time being. One foresees a day when she will become the victim of stern realities; but that day has not yet dawned. Meanwhile, the last thing that she is likely to imagine is that she is being spied upon. There is nothing secret about her proceedings: on the contrary, she appears to court the fullest publicity.'

'I can't for the life of me understand why,' said Guy, in a dissatisfied tone of voice.

'Nor can I; but the female sex is often a little difficult to understand. However, as I say, I should keep out of sight, if I were you. One of the few assertions that can be made quite positively about women is that nothing re-awakens their interest and affection like neglect.'

Guy emphatically disclaimed any designs upon Clarissa's re-awakened interest or affection. His sole wish was to do the straight thing—that, and also to see his daughter when he should think fit to do so. He was, therefore, of opinion that the circumstance of his being in London should be mentioned casually to his wife.

'Very well; I'll casually mention it,' Mr. Dent promised, smiling, 'and if you prefer to steer clear of Cadogan Gardens, I dare say I can arrange occasional meetings between you and Netta here. She generally honours me with a visit on Saturday afternoons, that being my weekly half-holiday, as well as hers.'

'Perhaps I'll look you up some Saturday afternoon, then,' said Guy. 'All the same, if I want to have a look at Netta, I shall take the liberty of calling in Cadogan Gardens and asking for her. That's in the compact.'

The compact, as he was beginning to feel, was not an altogether satisfactory one, and might stand in need of revision, or at least of more exact definition, at some future date. Clarissa was free to go her own way, but her freedom must not extend to the right of bringing up his only child to follow in her footsteps. Yet, as matters stood, the child's education was left in her hands, and could hardly be taken out of them. Guy Luttrell was not a man

who had ever troubled himself much about the practice of the Christian religion; still he did not account himself a heathen, and was quite decidedly of opinion that all boys and girls—especially all girls—ought to be taught what he had been taught in his youth. A nice sort of young woman Netta might be expected to develope into if her notions of right and wrong were to be drawn from no other authority than that of a misty philosophy!

His brother Paul, who did him the favour to dine with him one evening at his club, was able to allay these paternal misgivings.

‘The child is receiving regular religious instruction,’ Paul told him. ‘She is being duly educated to believe what her mother disbelieves—or professes to disbelieve.’

‘H’m! that sounds a bit inconsistent.’

‘It is comically inconsistent, of course; but Clarissa thinks she gets out of the difficulty by applying the old saying of *populus vult decipi* to the case. She says everybody ought to be given the chance of accepting doctrines which everybody would like to accept.’

‘She does, eh? Do you see much of her?’

‘Not very much in these days. For one thing, I am too busy, and for another thing, I can’t quite stand her associates. She is hand and glove with people some of whom, according to my humble judgment, ought to be on the treadmill or working at Portland breakwater, with their hair cut; so, as there is no particular use in telling her so, it is best for me to keep my distance and thank her by post for the cheques that she sends me as often as I ask for them.’

Clarissa’s associates may not have been criminals, and assuredly did not regard themselves in that light; but they were notorious for holding and promulgating views which were described as ‘advanced,’ and although they were pretty generally laughed at, they were so far successful that they had made themselves universally talked about. Now, the average, every-day English gentleman does not like his wife to be mixed up with persons of that class, even though he be amicably separated from her, and when Guy found that he could seldom glance at a newspaper without reading how Lady Luttrell, supported by Lady Kettering, Mrs. Hamley, Mrs. Knibbs and others, had been delivering spirited addresses upon social subjects from a public platform, he felt that his name was being trailed in the dust. What was the good of going on in that way? What did she mean by it?—she, who in

former days had been almost too modest and retiring to please him. Nor was it by newspaper reports alone that he was vexed. He had a large acquaintance; he met friends every day, and not all of these were so discreet as they might have been. Their jocularities, to be sure, could be promptly checked and their innuendoes serenely ignored; still there were moments when Sir Guy Luttrell was a sore and angry man.

'By Jove, I will!' he ejaculated one day, on learning from an evening journal that 'that very fluent speaker Lady Luttrell' proposed to lecture about 'The Girl of the Future' at the High Street Hall, Kensington, on the morrow; 'I'll go and hear what she has to say. Lord knows where the High Street Hall is; but I dare say a cabby can find out, and admission to the entertainment appears to be free. It will be interesting to be told what one's daughter, who happens to be one of the girls of the future, will be like if she follows her mother's instructions.'

Hostile criticism, as represented by Guy, was admitted without question at the appointed hour into a building which was already three parts full and showed signs of becoming inconveniently crowded. It was the boast of Clarissa and her friends that they never attempted to pack their meetings; and if—as sometimes happened—dissentient voices were raised, they rather enjoyed the interruption, feeling comfortably assured of the support of the majority. The overwhelming majority of the audience, Guy noticed, was composed of ladies. Here and there a masculine head, bald or exuberantly hirsute, could be descried amidst the vast congregation of hats and bonnets; but there were certainly not enough men present to raise the standard of revolt, even had they felt disposed to do so, and, judging by their appearance, those few did not belong to the fighting variety. He himself was placed next to an amazing woman who, for reasons best known to herself, had donned a hunting-stock and a covert-coat, and who presently exchanged vociferous greetings with his other neighbour, a rather pretty girl, arrayed in a loose stuff gown of yellowish green hue, which was cut very low in the neck and displayed a double string of amber beads. This young person, it presently appeared, was an artist, and Guy was vaguely wondering why colourists by profession should so often seem to be ignorant of the effect of adjacent colour upon the human complexion when his attention was diverted into another channel by the remarks of the loud-voiced lady in the covert-coat.

‘Oh, yes, she is sure to speak well; she always does. I only hope what she says will be fully reported this time. The nuisance is that newspapers are apt to cut out just the most important passages of one’s speech. The British public hasn’t been cured of its absurd squeamishness yet, I’m afraid.’

‘So Clarissa is in the habit of saying things which are unfit for publication, is she?’ thought Guy to himself. ‘This is indeed an exhilarating prospect!’

But the girl on his left, as if to reassure him, said: ‘Well, the subject doesn’t *sound* a very shocking one, does it?’

‘That entirely depends upon the method of treatment,’ returned she of the covert-coat oracularly. ‘There is the ideal of the future, you see, and there is the actual—or rather, the probable. If she tackles the probable, as I hope she will, she will have to make some people’s ears tingle before she sits down.’

Further conversation was arrested by the appearance upon the platform of a little posse of ladies and a single gentleman, in whom Guy at once recognised the self-satisfied Mr. Alfred Loosemore. Lady Kettering, who took the chair, was also known to him by sight; the others, whom he now for the first time had the privilege of beholding, he mentally characterised as ‘an uncommon plain-headed lot.’

Well, Clarissa, at all events, had not seen fit to make herself additionally ridiculous by adopting any eccentricities of costume. She was quietly and becomingly dressed; she bowed slightly, but gracefully, in acknowledgment of the plaudits which greeted her, and, after a few introductory words from the chairwoman, she advanced to the front of the platform and began her address without the smallest appearance of embarrassment or any aid in the shape of notes or manuscript.

Her exordium was of a nature to engage the sympathies of her audience—even of that member of it to whom the sight of a lady spouting from a platform to several hundreds of her fellow-citizens was altogether abhorrent. She modestly confessed that her knowledge of the girl of the present was somewhat restricted; she said she had heard a good deal about girls of her own small class which might or might not be true, and upon which she did not propose to dwell; she was also willing to admit that in the future, as in the past, large allowances would always have to be made for variety of individual character. But her excuse for working in the direction in which she was working and for speak-

ing as she was about to speak lay in her firm conviction that the influence of women was practically unbounded. 'Are we not the majority?' she asked; 'is it not acknowledged nowadays that majorities have the right to control minorities? And ought we not to be ashamed of ourselves if we neglect to use for good the power which we undoubtedly possess? As for me, I do not pretend to exceptional experience, still less to exceptional wisdom; I only claim to have realised what many of us seem content to ignore, that our actual position is an absurdity and an anachronism, and that it depends upon ourselves whether that position shall be amended or not.'

That, so far as it went, was all very well, and a fair-minded listener could but own that ladies who stand up for the equality of the sexes have a right to make what they can out of the unquestionable fact that there are more women than men in England. Moreover, it was possible to smile goodnaturedly at Clarissa's confident statement that the extension of the parliamentary franchise to women was inevitable and imminent, while Guy was not concerned to deny that their influence, even in their unenfranchised condition, was enormous. But when he was told that the exercise of that influence, as well as of any subsequent power which might accrue to them, for good would imply the abolition of every species of restraint which has hitherto been placed upon their actions, he began to feel a little irritated. That sort of talk, he said to himself, was downright bosh; and if it had been permissible or worth while to disturb the harmony of the meeting, he could quite easily have given grounds for holding it to be bosh. He shifted about impatiently in his chair, while the lady in the covert-coat, divining him to be an ignorant outsider, favoured him with a glance of scornful challenge. But Clarissa, whose short-sighted eyes had not revealed to her the presence of her husband, went on, warming with her theme.

'Can anyone imagine that when the government of this country falls—as it will fall—into our hands, the existing law relating to marriage and divorce will be maintained? Can anyone imagine that when we become—as we must become—the guardians of public and social morality, men will be permitted to yield to every temptation and passion of their nature, while women are ostracised for a single false step? I think not. I think you will agree with me that the time has very nearly come for the injustice of centuries to be repaired, and for supreme

authority to be taken away from those who have so shamefully and selfishly misused it.'

The audience, with a very few mute dissentients, signified that it was in complete agreement with the speaker, who proceeded to say that women did not, of course, claim or desire to imitate the vices of their whilom masters. What they did claim, and what they were going to obtain, was recognition of the fact that mastery was the inherent attribute of neither sex. Their superiority in point of numbers would, to be sure, enable them to outvote their opponents and get their own way; but as theirs happened to be the right way, that should be a matter of general satisfaction.

Then, after those who were responsible for the actual, and very evil, condition of things had come in for a good deal of eloquent denunciation, the Girl of the Future was described after a fashion which must have disappointed the lady in the covert-coat; since that marvellous product of years to come appeared to be the realisation of the ideal far more than of the probable. She was not, it is true, the realisation of Guy's ideal—this majestic, self-confident young woman, who knew all that there was to know about everything, who stood upon precisely the same level as her brothers, having been educated precisely as they had been, who saw no reason why she should not select a husband, instead of being selected by him, and who was prepared to send her husband about his business if, after marriage, he should prove unworthy of her regard. But Guy was only a man; and, as he began to suspect, a somewhat old-fashioned one into the bargain. The whole business would have been less provoking if it had not, from Clarissa's point of view, been so completely logical and rational. Once grant her the premiss that one human being, whether of the masculine or the feminine gender, is the same as another, and you were bound to admit that women may do all that men may do. But the premiss was demonstrably preposterous, and he was unable to conceive how anybody out of a lunatic asylum could think otherwise of it.

It may be that Clarissa's hearers were a pack of lunatics: perfect sanity, after all, is the exception, not the rule. At all events, they clapped her loudly when she resumed her seat, and Guy's artistic neighbour remarked: 'Well, that was all very true—and very encouraging. Only I don't think I should quite like to propose to a man and be refused by him.'

Covert-coat snorted rather disdainfully; perhaps she was so far sane as to be free from any intention of courting that particular form of humiliation. 'I call that a very tame sort of lecture,' said she; 'I doubt whether Lady Luttrell knows as much as I do about the girls of the present and what they are likely to develope into. Blame the men as much as you please—I'm sure I don't want to stand up for them—but it is impossible to treat a subject of that kind adequately without at least *some* reference to the prevailing low standard of morality.'

This lady evidently felt that she had been beguiled into wasting her time, and she stumped off without waiting to hear the concluding observations of Lady Kettering, which related chiefly to costume. From these Guy gathered that his daughter, if she fulfilled her destiny and acted in accordance with the spirit of the age, would walk about the streets in knickerbocker breeches and gaiters, and ride to hounds in a cross-saddle.

'I'm damned if she shall!' was the audible ejaculation which was forced from him, and which caused the lady-artist to survey him for a moment with languid wonderment.

Then, conscious of having made a fool of himself, he jumped up and shouldered his way towards the exit, thus missing a neat little speech from Mr. Loosemore, who rose to propose a vote of thanks to the chairwoman, and who took that opportunity of mentioning how entirely he was in sympathy with the objects for which the meeting had been called. Youth, he said, was so charming, so wonderful, so beautiful that men—diffident by nature—often hesitated to approach it. In the future—that future which, he trusted, might not be remote—it would be permissible for girls and women, however young and beautiful, to take the initiative with their mute adorers; and who could doubt that this would prove conducive to the greatest happiness of the greatest number? Perhaps, after all, it was just as well that Guy did not hear Mr. Alfred Loosemore's comments upon Clarissa's lecture.

His own comments, which were of a stringent and plain-spoken order, were expressed shortly afterwards to Mr. Dent, who seemed to be a good deal diverted by them.

'My dear fellow,' the old gentleman said, 'what did you go out into that wilderness for to hear? By your account, Clarissa must have been quite moderate, and, having taken up the crusade which she has taken up, I hardly see what other prophecy she could have offered to you. For my own part, I find it easy and

simple to abstain from attending her lectures, and I should have thought that a similar course would commend itself to you.'

'That's not the question,' returned Guy. 'So far as I am concerned, she is perfectly welcome to go on playing the—the—well, whatever you like to call it, in public; though I confess I should be rather better pleased if she would see fit to drop my name. But what I have quite made up my mind about is that Netta shall not be a Girl of the Future.'

'Strictly between ourselves,' remarked Mr. Dent, smiling, 'I suspect that her mother's mind is at one with yours as to that: there are always such wide distinctions to be drawn between the adoption of theories and the application of them. Anyhow, no difficulties will be placed in the way of your restraining influence and mine. I have told Clarissa that you are in London, and if you will do me the favour of lunching with me on Saturday, you will meet your daughter, who, I believe, is anxious to see you. Luckily, she is not yet of an age to comprehend theories or be instructed in them.'

Luckily, she was not; and Guy, in the course of a very pleasant afternoon, spent with Netta at Hengler's Circus, had no instructions to give, though he had a few rather awkward queries to evade. But time slips away with horrible rapidity, and he perceived that the day was almost at hand when it would be necessary for him to define his position. And on that fateful day would it not also be necessary that Netta should, once for all, take either his side or her mother's?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN INEFFECTUAL ULTIMATUM.

It became an understood thing that Guy should lunch every Saturday in Portland Place with Mr. Dent, and that Netta should be conducted thither in time to welcome him obstreperously on his arrival. Those were pleasant meetings, followed by pleasant afternoons; although each renewal of them rendered their inherently temporary character more manifest.

'Things can't go on like this,' was what Guy always said to himself, as he walked or drove away in the dark, leaving Netta to be conducted back to Cadogan Gardens under the care of her great-uncle's butler; and in truth the arrangement was an un-

manageable one, notwithstanding Clarissa's apparent acquiescence in it.

He himself had not yet called in Cadogan Gardens, nor had he received the slightest intimation that a visit from him was expected or desired. It was evident enough to him that his wife, knowing how powerless he really was to interfere with her plans for the child's education, had resolved to allow him no excuse for complaining of her and was the more willing to comply with his wishes because they could not seriously conflict with her own. To Netta, who was persistent in her inquiries as to why he never came home with her, he had to tell fibs—and he hated telling fibs. Upon the whole, he could not help seeing that he had made a mistake by coming to London, that he was doing, and could do, no sort of good by domiciling himself there, and that sooner or later he would be constrained to 'have it out' with his wife once more.

Of course it was only with reference to Netta and her future that he contemplated a resumption of negotiations; yet, as the days and weeks went on, and as gossip of one kind and another reached his unwilling ears, it began to dawn upon him that a word or two might be obligatory concerning Clarissa's own conduct. She was her own mistress, no doubt, and if it amused her to make herself conspicuous in a style which few ladies would care to affect, that was her affair; still she bore (and even flaunted, as he sometimes thought) a name which had not hitherto figured on posters or on the backs of sandwichmen, while she was the mother of the sole coming representative of that ancient name. Perhaps she did not quite realise the sort of remarks that are sure to be made about a lady who is separated from her husband, who lectures publicly upon risky subjects, and whose public appearances are invariably countenanced by a beastly cad, like that fellow Loosemore. Now, whether Mr. Alfred Loosemore was a 'beastly cad' or a gifted poet or a quick-witted charlatan—and there were people who classed him under one or the other of these designations, while a few declared him to be entitled to all three—there was not much difference of opinion respecting his moral character, nor was he the kind of person with whom any man in his sober senses would permit his wife to become too intimate. That much Guy gathered, and was assured, at the club and elsewhere; so that it grew to be a question with him whether he did not owe it to himself and his family, as well as to Clarissa, to enter a humble remonstrance.

However, he put off the evil day, foreseeing that, when it came, it would be a very evil day indeed, and possibly it would have been postponed a good deal longer, but for a trivial incident which chanced to arouse his ire. Rather late in the winter a hard frost set in, which lasted until every sheet of ornamental water in London was frozen to the depth of several inches, and Netta loudly demanded that her half-holiday should be devoted to watching the skaters. She herself had been forbidden for the present to put on skates, much as she longed to do so, and, being a good, obedient little soul, she did not hint at any evasion of her mother's orders; but she said she would dearly love to look on, and she had probably discovered by that time that her father was not the man to deny her anything that he had it in his power to grant. So they went first to the Regent's Park, and admired the dexterity of adepts; after which they drove across to Hyde Park, and surveyed from the banks of the Serpentine the more amusing, if less graceful, performances of the general public. It had just been agreed between them that it would be permissible for Netta to step upon the ice and slide, and precautions were being adopted for enabling her to make the attempt without appreciable risk, when a victoria, the occupants of which were but dimly visible through the haze of the declining day, was pulled up hard by. Its occupants were but dimly visible; but Guy, whose eyes were good, recognised his wife, and recognised also in the lolling, fur-enveloped figure by her side the gentleman whom he had once taken the liberty of describing in her presence as a 'very offensive brute.' Clarissa, whose eyes, as we know, were not good, failed to recognise either her husband or her child. She stared at the scene for a moment through her double-glasses, said something to her companion, who shrugged his shoulders, and told the coachman to drive on.

The incident, as has been said, was trivial in itself, and although there was something indescribably provocative in Mr. Loosemore's attitude and the manner in which he smoked his cigarette (why is it that some men cannot smoke a cigarette in the company of a lady without having the air of deliberately insulting her?) Guy might have allowed it to pass, but for the audible remarks of a couple of bystanders.

'Oh, Lady Luttrell, is it?—the Woman's Rights champion. I suppose the man isn't Lord Luttrell, or Sir Somebody Luttrell, or whatever he is? Those aren't the sort of rights that she stands up for, eh?'

'Rather not! That's the great Alfred Loosemore; and I should say that before he drops her she'll have gained some additional practical knowledge of woman's wrongs.'

The two boobies moved off, chuckling and cackling, while Guy felt the blood mounting to his head. It was not his habit to show temper, nor did he hurry Netta away from her sliding, which was continued with much success for another quarter of an hour; but when the light failed and the skaters began to depart, he said he would take her home.

'No, not to Uncle Tom's this afternoon; we are so far on the way that I may as well deliver you in Cadogan Gardens myself. Besides, I rather want to see your mother.'

This was good news for Netta, who may have guessed, or have been informed by the servants, that all was not quite as it should be between her parents, and who, after she had been lifted into the hansom which was presently called, expressed a hope that, since he was coming with her, she would be allowed to have tea in the drawing-room. But when they reached their destination she submitted without a murmur to the decision of her father, who said:

'I think I'll wish you good-night now, little woman. Toddle off to your own quarters, and some other day, perhaps, we'll all have tea together.'

She was a docile child; moreover, she was tired and sleepy, as she always was after the exertions and excitements of her half-holiday. Guy, after committing her to the care of the nurse who was summoned, followed the butler up the thickly-carpeted staircase. He had noticed a man's sable-lined coat, flung down upon one of the chairs in the hall, and was therefore not unprepared to find Mr. Alfred Loosemore reclining upon a low sofa near the fire, over which Clarissa was stooping to warm her hands.

Clarissa, for her part, had been altogether unprepared to hear her husband announced, and was obviously taken aback by his entrance. But Guy, who was never disconcerted, or at all events never showed that he was so, advanced, holding out his hand, while he explained calmly, 'I have brought Netta home, and as they told me that you were in, I said I would come up and pay my respects.'

'I told Uncle Tom that I should be glad to see you at any time,' answered Clarissa, with a not very successful effort to imitate his composure.

'Yes; the message was duly delivered, thanks.'

'I think you have met Mr. Loosemore already,' Clarissa resumed, after a momentary silence.

'How do you do?' said Guy, with a slight motion of his head towards the recumbent figure.

Then he drew a chair up to the fireside, seated himself and proceeded to talk about the severity of the weather, pointedly ignoring the observations interjected from time to time by the poet. The latter, who, to do him justice, was no fool, speedily perceived that retreat would be judicious and appropriate; so he rose slowly and gracefully, retained Clarissa's hand while arranging a meeting with her for the morrow, and was ushered out by Guy, who held the door open for him with ceremonious politeness and only betrayed through some subtle and undefinable method a heartfelt inclination to kick him out of it. When the door had been closed, Clarissa stood upon the hearthrug and looked interrogative.

'Yes,' said her husband, in reply to all the questions which were visible in her eyes, 'I *have* one or two things to talk to you about, and there are one or two things about which I am not altogether satisfied, and that is why I have intruded upon you. To begin with, what are you going to make of Netta? Not a Girl of the Future, I trust. I may tell you that I listened to your lecture the other day; and I wasn't edified by it—not a bit! If you propose to educate my daughter into the belief that there is no difference between women and men, I shall have to object.'

'Netta is my daughter as well as yours,' observed Clarissa, her voice trembling a little. 'For the present she is being educated just as all other children of her class are educated; but when she grows older, I must of course tell her what I believe to be the truth and what I do not believe.'

'Quite so; and I must do the same. Which will be rather awkward, won't it?'

'Yes, I suppose so; but I see no possible way out of the difficulty. I don't deny your rights, and I presume you will hardly dispute mine. Paul will tell you that Netta has been taught to say her prayers and to accept the Bible as the inspired word of God. What more can I do? Considering what a failure I have made of my own life, I cannot be expected to encourage her to imitate me.'

'At the risk of appearing uncivil, I must say that I sincerely hope she will not be tempted to do that. It is a question of

taste, no doubt, and you are welcome to yours. But you will not be welcome to push my daughter on to a platform, and teach her to declaim to a mixed audience upon the relations of the sexes. In point of fact, I can't and won't allow anything of the sort.'

These were brave words; but they were scarcely well chosen, nor was the threat which they implied of a nature to disarm opposition. Clarissa, whose cheeks had become pink, instantly turned at bay.

'What do you mean? That you will take my child away from me? Then you will have to get authority from a Court of Law, and I do not think that, when I have told what I shall be forced to tell, a decision will be given in your favour. It is cowardly and unmanly of you to strike at me in this way! I have offered to share all I possess with you; I ask nothing better than to hand over the half of my fortune to you now; I have agreed to your conditions; I have not prevented you from seeing Netta; I don't want to prevent you from taking a part—such a part as may be possible—in her training. As for her ever lecturing in public, you must know perfectly well that I could not wish her to do that. I myself *hate* doing it!—I only do it because I am convinced that it is my duty. Is it because your own life has been so blameless and so unselfish that you can't give other people credit for an honest desire to do what they think is right?'

This outburst had a sobering effect upon Guy, who indeed had no thought of appealing to the aid of the law, and who was to some extent reassured by his wife's promise that he should have a voice in the training of her child.

'I dare say you think it right to go on as you are doing,' said he, 'and I dare say it doesn't become me to condemn anybody. I only venture to say that I don't want your particular principles to be instilled into Netta. At least, there is one more thing which perhaps you will think that I haven't a right to say; but I can't go away without saying it. I don't half like your intimacy with that fellow who has just left the house. He's a nasty, unwholesome sort of rascal, and he doesn't bear the best of reputations, and you may depend upon it that, in your position, you can't afford to be seen driving about with him.'

Women, as most of us should be willing to acknowledge, possess more than one noble quality which is denied to us; but magnanimity cannot be included in the list, and Clarissa, from whose mind a great weight of fear had been removed by the

opening words of her husband's speech, was not in the mood to submit tamely to its conclusion.

'You are really most kind and most thoughtful,' she returned disdainfully; 'but, in spite of your warning or your command—which did you intend it to be?—and in spite of the position in which I find myself, I shall continue to choose my own friends. I think I remember that, when you were in a position of rather less independence, you used to choose your own friends, and that the reputation of some of them was not quite above reproach. As for Mr. Loosemore, whom I like and admire, I certainly shall not drop his acquaintance at your bidding.'

She neither liked nor admired the man; but some latitude of statement must be allowed to an indignant lady. She really did admire a few of his literary productions, and a few of them were really, in a certain sense, deserving of admiration.

'Very well,' said Guy, who was also rather indignant; 'you must go your own way, then, I suppose, and I must go mine. I am sorry that they cannot be made to run alongside of one another; but it is very evident to me that they can't.'

'That,' agreed Clarissa, 'would, I should think, have been evident to most people some time ago. I shall always be ready to listen to any complaints that you may have to make and any suggestions that you may have to offer about Netta's education; but as regards my own manner of life, I don't feel that I owe obedience to your orders.'

Guy shrugged his shoulders and raised the siege. What else could he do? He had intended to present an ultimatum; but in order to adopt such a course with any prospect of success it is necessary to be backed up by the means of enforcing one's demands, and these were scarcely at his disposal. He had been beaten, and he knew that he had been beaten; for, after all, nothing short of removing his child altogether from her mother's guardianship could prevent Clarissa from carrying out what he presumed to be her designs. Meanwhile, he could not but deplore, though he might be powerless to lessen, his wife's avowed liking and admiration for that effeminate writer of erotic verses.

After that day Guy fell into a condition of chronic low spirits which was scarcely to be wondered at, considering that he had no work to do, that his invitations to join shooting-parties were less numerous than of yore, and that he could hardly—even if the weather had permitted of it—have afforded to hunt regularly

from London. Some intermittent comfort he might have derived from talking things over with Mr. Dent; but poor Mr. Dent was laid up with a sharp attack of bronchitis, and when the old gentleman was able to leave his bed, he went off to the south coast to recruit, taking his niece and her daughter with him; so that Saturday half-holidays could no longer, for the time being, enliven the monotony of a purposeless existence. That Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do is a discovery which was probably made rather earlier than in the day of the late Dr. Watts, who, indeed, does not seem to have been quite the person to hit upon startling discoveries; yet the frequency with which that eminent divine's words are quoted proves, at least, that he managed to earn the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen by clothing a truism in precise and easily-remembered language. Guy Luttrell's hands were idle and his temperament rendered him prone to yield to temptations whereby we are all liable to be assailed. It has to be owned that, during the remainder of that winter, old and long-discarded habits got the upper hand of him. Why not? he may have asked himself. He was of no good, and never would be of any good, to a single living being; his wife was only his wife in name and would be a great deal more comfortable without him; his child, though some ostensible control over her was conceded to him, could not in reality be influenced one way or the other by anything that he was likely to say or do; and if he drank himself to death—what then? He might do so, if he liked, with the agreeable conviction that he would not be acutely missed. Only he sometimes thought that before he quitted these mundane scenes he would enjoy administering just one good sound thrashing to Mr. Alfred Loosemore.

CHAPTER XXXV.

REPENTANCE.

ON one of those hopelessly rainy days to which the climate of Pau is somewhat subject, and which so sorely try the temper and patience of its patrons, Madeline Luttrell shut herself into her bedroom and sat down to write a long letter to the only person in the world who could be expected to feel the slightest interest in such news as she had to impart. This, at least, was what—being

in a very dismal mental condition—she said to herself. Of course, as a matter of strict accuracy, there were just a very few other people who cared a little for her; there was Paul, for example; there was Guy; there was even a third person, whose affection for her, now that he had departed for ever, might be admitted to be sincere, so far as it went. But her brothers were poor correspondents, while the third person, for obvious reasons, did not count. The sympathy of her sister-in-law, however, might surely be relied upon; and indeed it was high time for her to acknowledge two missives, composed largely of anxious questions, which had reached her from Clarissa, and which she had not until now felt in the mood to answer.

‘I ought to have written before this,’ she confessed; ‘but you put me off by repeating homilies for which I have told you again and again that there was no sort of necessity. Of course, M. de Malglaive honoured me with the offer which you seem to have been so much afraid of my accepting, and of course I made the only reply that it was possible for me to make. I dare say you may have heard of his mother’s death. She was not a very nice old woman; but I think he must have been really fond of her, and, since he has gone away and I shall never see him again, there can be no harm in my saying that I believe he was very fond of me too. Perhaps men are not like us; perhaps they do all sorts of things that they have no business to do, and yet—— However, I know you think that if they are not like us, they ought to be; so I won’t make excuses for him. He had none, worth mentioning, to make for himself. Mamma was very angry with me for refusing him: he is extremely well off, it appears, whereas we are most uncomfortably poor. But I could not have married him on account of his being well off, and I am glad that he has left the place. Nobody seems to know where he has gone; but Mamma is sure that he will not come back while we are here, and the chances are that we shall remain here until we die. How unfortunate it is that one should be compelled to put another person, and perhaps several other people, to so much inconvenience!

‘Not that the inconvenience, according to Mamma’s ideas, is at all likely to be permanent. She has forgiven me; she is bent upon finding somebody else for me, since M. de Malglaive won’t do; I don’t know whether she would laugh or cry if I were to tell her that I am determined to live and die an old maid. Probably she would do both; and that is why I take very good care to tell her

nothing of the sort. Poor Mamma!—she has many worries and anxieties which you and I might have spared her, if we had been able to look at life as she does; and sometimes I wonder whether we are so much wiser than she as we think we are. At all events, she does what she is convinced is her duty, and although nothing but disappointment can be in store for her, I don't make her miserable by saying so. I am as gracious as possible to the young men and the old men (some of them are as old as the hills) whom she asks to the house, and to whom she has the air of offering me in much the same manner as a horse-dealer who, without any question of buying or selling, exhibits what he has in his stable. "Slightly blemished, but well-bred on both sides, perfectly sound and, as you see, very taking to the eye. I don't care to part with her; still I am willing to listen to reasonable proposals." The reasonable proposals haven't been made yet; they will be made soon, and then there will be trouble—endless trouble! I don't want to catch the small-pox, because it is said to be such a particularly unpleasant disease while it lasts; but if only I could have had it and could wear the traces of it, I should be able to look forward to the future with comparative ease of mind!

Madeline's letter, which was a lengthy one, was continued in much the same strain, and was productive of genuine distress to its recipient, who hastened to despatch epistolary consolation and encouragement.

'I can *fully* understand,' Madeline was assured by return of post, 'how you feel—haven't I been through it all myself? One tries to make allowances; one tries to believe that a man who has led an abominable life can change his nature all of a sudden and keep the vows that he is ready to take. But it is not so; and in the case of M. de Malglaive, at any rate, I am *sure* that it has not been so. Mr. Loosemore, who is a great deal in Paris and who knows him well, smiles at the idea of his becoming a domestic character. I need not say that neither to Mr. Loosemore nor to anyone else should I dream of mentioning your name in connection with his; but I have found opportunities of making inquiries about him, and what I have heard convinces me that you are to be warmly congratulated on having dismissed the man.'

Such congratulations were about as welcome as were the writer's bitter allusions to her own matrimonial experiences and to Guy's recent unwarrantable interference in matters which did

not concern him. It was difficult to avoid the impression that Clarissa, however right she might be in theory, was something of a firebrand in practice. However, she and Mr. Loosemore had doubtless formed a correct estimate of Raoul de Malglaive; although their opinion of him had been neither required nor desired.

Readers of wide sympathies—and, after all, we human beings are not such a poor lot but that some such must fall to the share of the humblest narrator—may find that they have a crumb of compassion to spare for Lady Luttrell, who at this time was using every effort to marry her daughter. Her desire to do so was surely pardonable, seeing that she knew not how to make income square with expenditure, that she had never in her life been accustomed to economise, and that she owed more money than she could by any possibility pay. The daily humiliations to which she was subjected; the thinly disguised insolence of M. Cayaux which she had to ignore (for was not Cayaux's own long bill still unadorned by a receipt stamp?) the misery of knowing that an end must soon come to all this—it was but natural that she should long to remove Madeline from participation in such sordid cares, and if the poor lady was a somewhat worldly mother, she cannot fairly be called a selfish one. So, in spite of the deep mourning which prevented her and her daughter from attending social entertainments, she contrived to attract many bachelors to her house, and of these a sufficient number seemed to find the bait which she pathetically dangled over their noses worth rising at.

Madeline, as she had boasted with truth in her letter to her sister-in-law, was gracious to them all. She might have added that she displayed remarkable ingenuity in bestowing special marks of favour upon none. Her object was to stave off the evil day, and it seemed not unlikely that she might be able to do this until the winter season should be at an end and winter visitants should have given her up in despair. Meanwhile, she rode the horses of some of them; for she had now no horse of her own, and her mother did not object to her accepting an occasional mount, and following the hounds was the one pleasure in life that remained to her. Miserable we may be, and condemned to lifelong misery; yet while we still inhabit our bodies, and while those bodies continue to be healthy, there will be good moments for us every now and then.

What no hunting man or woman can be expected to count as a good moment is one of those when considerations of humanity render it imperative to pull up while hounds are running; and such an experience fell to Madeline's lot one nice cloudy afternoon. The yellow-haired Frenchwoman whom she had noticed for the first time that day, and whose notion of riding appeared to be to rush like an express train at every discoverable fence and ditch, had certainly earned the rather nasty cropper which she had got; still it was impossible to leave her lying in a huddled-up heap upon the ground, and not another soul was in sight. Madeline first tried to stop her fellow-sportswoman's runaway steed; then, having failed to do so, she turned round, dismounted with a sigh, and approached the victim, who had struggled into a sitting posture and was moaning dismally.

'Have you hurt yourself, madame?' she inquired.

'I have not a whole bone in my body,' replied the unknown, 'unless it is my neck. If I recover—which is scarcely probable—I promise you that I will never get upon the back of a horse again! It is my husband who will rub his hands when he sees me carried back to the Hôtel de France upon a stretcher!—he, who warned me that this galloping across the fields had no common sense. One must do Philippe the justice to admit that his common sense never deserts him when there is a question of risking his skin.'

The lady's loquacity seemed to be a reassuring symptom; yet she was really hurt. She nearly fainted after she had been persuaded to rise to her feet, and was with difficulty revived by a draught from Madeline's flask. Also she complained of excruciating pain in her right arm, which hung helplessly by her side and was probably broken. What was to be done with her? Madeline was nominally under efficient chaperonage, and the elderly widower whose horse she was riding had willingly promised Lady Luttrell not to let her daughter out of his sight; but man proposes and the vicissitudes of the chase dispose. Neither chaperon nor widower could be descried by one who, to tell the truth, had been doing her best to give them the slip; the district was a sparsely inhabited one, and as for returning the whole way to Pau on foot, that was not to be thought of.

'Do you think, if I gave you my arm, you could manage to walk as far as the road?' asked Madeline. 'Then you might sit down while I canter on to the nearest house and get assistance.'

The stranger nodded assent, and a couple of hundred yards or

so of rough ground were eventually traversed ; though not without a good deal of trouble and many halts. She did not lack courage—this pearl-powdered, golden-haired lady—and Madeline, while not particularly liking the look of her, paid her the tribute of admiration which her fortitude deserved.

‘What would you have?’ she asked, when she had been gently lowered on to the bank by the wayside and had been duly complimented. ‘One does things which must be done because they must be done. Once let me get hold of a good doctor, and I will deafen him with my screams!’

As luck would have it, a *coupé* which Madeline recognised hove in sight at that very minute, and presently Dr. Leroy, intercepted on his way from visiting a country patient, was bending over the unknown lady, who did not carry out her threat while he passed his blunt fingers lightly and deftly over her person.

‘*Allons !*’ said he, ‘this is not a formidable affair.’

Then he kicked off his shoe, placed his foot under her armpit, and with one strong tug, which drew a sharp, involuntary cry from her, restored the dislocated shoulder to its position.

‘*Vous voilà tout à fait remise, madame,*’ he remarked. ‘As for the bruises and the shaking, you will have news of them to-morrow ; but you will be none the worse for them. Now, if you will permit me to offer you a seat in my carriage, I will conduct you back to Pau. Mademoiselle Luttrell, I know, is capable of mounting her horse without assistance and finding her own way home.’

The yellow-haired lady started slightly on hearing the name of the Good Samaritan to whom she had been addressing voluble expressions of gratitude.

‘What!’ she exclaimed. ‘Mademoiselle is English? It is true that she rides like an Englishwoman ; but to speak French like a Parisian—that is what does not explain itself!’

‘My mother is French,’ said Madeline.

‘*Au fait !*—that is, I think I recollect having been informed of the circumstance.’

Then, while she was being helped into the doctor’s brougham, she added : ‘It would be very amiable on your part, mademoiselle, to come and see me to-morrow. Without you, I might have remained lying here until I perished ; it follows that I have a claim upon you, does it not ? You will come, then ? A thousand thanks ! Madame de Castelmoron, Hôtel de France—à bientôt !’

So this was the '*belle marquise*' whose relations with Raoul de Malglaive had provided journalists with matter for the delectation of their readers, and at whose house the young man had pretended, for purposes of his own, to be taken ill!

'If she had only told me her name a little sooner!' ejaculated Madeline. 'But it would have been necessary to do what one could for her in any case, and I am rather glad that I did not know who she was. Naturally she has come to Pau in order to meet him—that shows, at least, that they do not correspond. Not that it makes the smallest difference to me, or that I am concerned to quarrel with his rather odd taste. I will ask Mamma to leave cards and inquire for her to-morrow. That will be as much as politeness demands, and I really don't want to see her again.'

Nevertheless, Miss Luttrell was shown, on the following afternoon, into the sunny *salon* at the Hôtel de France where Madame de Castelmoron, extended upon a sofa, was reposing her aching limbs. It was perhaps true that Madeline did not want to see her again; but we are all strongly tempted at times to do things which we do not want to do, and feminine curiosity is notoriously a powerful incentive. Moreover, there is no reason why she should not be allowed credit, amongst other motives, for a little genuine kindness of heart.

Such credit was, at all events, accorded to her by the bruised lady on the sofa, whose own heart was not, after all, a particularly unkind one and who had long ago found consolation for the treacherous conduct of '*ce pauvre de Malglaive*.' Madame de Castelmoron had, as a matter of fact, actually forgotten that her former admirer's property was situated in Béarn when she decided upon spending a part of the winter at Pau; but she had been reminded of the circumstance by what she had heard from M. de Larrouy and others, and the story of Raoul's hapless love-affair—which was the common talk of the place—had made her feel almost ashamed of having despatched a certain letter that we know of. She was quite ashamed, now that she was under such obligations to Madeline; she was determined to undo the mischief that she had done; and that was why, after she had made her visitor sit down beside her, she lost no time in beginning:

'It is curious that we should have met like this. I have heard so much of you from our friend M. de Malglaive, who was very ill at our house near Tours last summer, and who—to speak the whole truth—raved about you from morning to night in his delirium.

Oh, you need not blush; there is nothing to blush for in having made a conquest of M. de Malglaive, who, I assure you, is not too easy to please. *Apropos*, what has become of him? I thought he told me he had a mother in these latitudes whom he was in the habit of visiting.'

Madeline gave explanations which were entirely superfluous, seeing that her questioner had already been informed of Madame de Malglaive's death. What she did not think it necessary to explain was Raoul's abandonment of his home and return to his regiment. It was left for Madame de Castelmoron to account for the young man's singular conduct, and this was done without hesitation or ambiguity.

'One has only to look in your face to understand how you have treated that unfortunate!—one has even the temerity to think that one can detect some signs of remorse. Frankly, mademoiselle, a little remorse would not be out of place. *Bon Dieu!* what would you have? A young man who adores you, who is, to say the least of him, not precisely ugly, and who possesses all the virtues which are wanting to most young men! Believe me, it is not every day, nor every year, that you will meet with his equal.'

'But when one does not care enough for a person to marry him——'

'Ah, bah!—did I not tell you that your face is an open book? You will not make me believe that M. de Malglaive is nothing to you—*allez!*'

Madeline was furious with herself for having betrayed what she was powerless to conceal; yet she could not help longing to embrace Madame de Castelmoron, nor could she repress an intense eagerness for further particulars respecting Raoul's sojourn at Tours.

'Is it so certain that M. de Malglaive possesses the virtues that you speak of, madame?' she asked, with a fine assumption of sceptical indifference. 'His vices and his virtues are no affair of mine; but common report gives him more of the first than of the last.'

'I was waiting for you there! I was sure that he had been calumniated—the more so because he himself told me that he was afraid of what you might hear, and because he is far too handsome and too rich to be secure against the attacks of jealous and unscrupulous women. Come!—what is it that they have told you about him? I may be able to convince you that they had nothing

but lies to tell—I, who know at least what his life has been since you caused him to make a complete alteration in it.'

These two ladies were precluded by obvious difficulties from being perfectly candid with one another. The elder, with every wish to serve an interesting and deserving couple, was not prepared to go quite the length of confessing that she had written an anonymous letter, while the younger could hardly be expected to admit in so many words that she had only refused M. de Malglaive because accusations had been brought anonymously against him. But enough could be said, and was said, to satisfy Madame de Castelmoron's conscience and to gladden Madeline's heart.

'As for years gone by,' the former wound up by saying, 'I do not undertake to answer for them; one may suppose that a young officer of cavalry, with every opportunity in the world for amusing himself, has not altogether neglected his opportunities. But what I should be willing to stake my existence upon is that since he met you he has abandoned all follies. Those who have represented the contrary to you deserve nothing but your contempt, and—if I may be permitted to say so, mademoiselle, I think that he deserves an apology.'

Madeline smiled and replied that he should have one, if he wished for it, the next time she saw him, but that it was impossible for her to make immediate amends, seeing that she had not the slightest idea of where he was. She deemed it incumbent upon her, as a disciple of Clarissa's, to add that, in her opinion, the offences of previous years ought not to be lightly dismissed, as though they had never been. Were men to be allowed to do exactly what they liked, while women, for one solitary offence of the nature alluded to, were to suffer the extreme penalty of the social law?

Madame de Castelmoron's shoulders were too stiff to be shrugged; but her hands and her eyebrows acted as deputies.

'Neither you nor I,' she returned, 'are responsible for social laws. We must take the world as we find it; and nothing can be more positive than that you will never find a husband in it if you demand that his history should bear comparison with that of a young girl fresh from the *Sacré Cœur*. It is for you to decide what you will do; but if I were in your place, I should write two words to that poor de Malglaive, whose regiment is still at Tours, and who can scarcely be elsewhere than with his regiment.'

The advice was kindly meant, but it was manifestly out of the

question to act upon it, Madeline thought. Yet before she went to bed that night she had acted upon it, and what was more, she had posted her letter. When one has been guilty of an injustice, ought one not—even at the cost of some personal humiliation and at the risk of being misunderstood—to acknowledge as much? Madeline, in the composition of a missive which had given her no little trouble, had acknowledged that much and no more. She wished M. de Malglaive to know, she wrote, that she had heard reports about him which she had since discovered to be untrue, and she was sorry that, in consequence of her belief in those reports, she had said things to him which she would not otherwise have said. She hoped that he would be so kind as to accept this expression of regret on her part, which she had felt that it was only fair to send, but which of course required no reply.

Whether it required a reply or not (and one does sometimes take the liberty of hoping for what one cannot request) it received none, and at the end of a week Madeline ceased to watch for the arrival of the postman. Evidently she had been taken at her word, and there was nothing to complain of in that. Only she wished that she had been a little less precipitate in adopting a course which, after all, had been perhaps uncalled-for.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

RAOUL S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE.

THE habitués of the principal restaurant in Tours were begged, one evening, by the proprietor to pardon any slight shortcomings that might be noticeable in the attendance, his entire staff having been requisitioned for a *grand dîner d'adieu*, offered to M. le Vicomte de Malglaive by his brother-officers. M. le Vicomte was about to proceed, at his own wish and by his own request, to West Africa, in order to take part in an expedition which was being organised for the chastisement of certain turbulent tribes. '*En voiid un qui ne craint ni les boulets ni la fièvre, hein? Avec ça qu'il est riche à millions et qu'il appartient à la vraie noblesse. Sont-ils heureux de trouver des gaillards de sa trempe pour servir leur République du diable!*'

At Tours it is still permissible, sometimes even desirable, to display Royalist leanings. For the rest, nobody can help admiring

courage; and although, as has been mentioned before, Raoul de Malglaive was not exactly popular amongst his comrades, they felt bound to applaud his spirited conduct, now that he was upon the point of leaving them. They themselves were as brave as there was any need for them to be, and would have disgraced neither their regiment nor their country, had they been called upon to show what they were made of; still one does not, unless one is weary of life, volunteer for service in an obscure little campaign and a pestilential climate. Now, de Malglaive, who was young, rich, well-born and in excellent health, could not possibly be weary of life; so that his action in soliciting a staff-appointment out there in Senegambia commanded their respectful admiration. It was '*très crâne*,' they said, and the least they could do was to give him a dinner and drink to his safe return.

He would gladly have dispensed with that banquet, which he felt that he was accepting upon false pretences; the speeches, the toasts, the somewhat boisterous gaiety of his entertainers were not much to his taste, and he had more than half a mind to tell them candidly that what he thirsted for was not glory but oblivion. Such an avowal, however, would have been incomplete without further explanations which obviously could not be given; so he held his peace and tried to look like the ardent warrior whom he represented. At the *Ministère de la Guerre*, where he was made to dance attendance for many days before his request was granted, he had been regarded as a very ardent warrior indeed. The post for which he asked was not, to be sure, a highly coveted one, and a less conspicuous personage might have had it without much ado; but there were the newspapers to be considered, and a Republican Minister who confers an appointment, however undesirable, upon a Viscount of the old nobility is apt to lay himself open to vexatious criticisms. Also why the devil should M. de Malglaive desire to get himself massacred *là-bas*? If to belong to one of the best regiments in the service and to be quartered in one of the favourite garrisons did not satisfy him, he must be singularly hard to please! But by dint of steady persistency, and by the exertion of such influence as he could command, Raoul had finally got his own way. He was now under orders to report himself at Sénégal forthwith, and was to embark at Toulon within twenty-four hours of the moment at which his health was being proposed in felicitous terms by his Colonel.

He responded briefly, expressing his deep sense of the honour

conferred upon him, together with a modest hope that he might not prove unworthy of the uniform which he wore. In discarding it for that of a staff-officer, he should not forget, he said, the traditions of the famous corps in which it had been his privilege to acquire the rudiments of military knowledge; and he trusted that, in the not very probable event of his return from the wars, he would be received with the same kindness which had softened for him the regret of departure.

His remarks were, of course, loudly applauded; but his language was thought to be a little stilted and pedantic, while that allusion of his to the improbability of his escaping with his life was not approved of. No doubt the chances were that he would leave his bones in the desert; but one does not say such things. They are scarcely in accordance with usage, and they tend to throw gloom upon festive gatherings.

With the best will in the world, poor Raoul could hardly have avoided being a wet blanket. Assuredly it was not the thought of what he had to expect at his journey's end that saddened him; but he had always been of a somewhat melancholy temperament, and the irony of his fate in possessing everything, except the one thing which he cared to possess, was just then very present to his mind. Moreover, he was unable to find the stale old anecdotes and the broad *gauloiseries* with which the evening terminated in the least amusing or enlivening. It was with sincere relief that he saw the approach of the hour at which he had to catch the night mail to the South.

His hosts escorted him to the railway-station in a compact band; they were, after all, good fellows, and he was not ungrateful to them. There was much shaking of hands before he took his seat; then, while caps were waved and a parting cheer was raised, the train began to move.

'Messieurs,' said the Colonel oratorically, as he turned to leave the platform, 'I recommend to you the example of our comrade and friend. It is with such officers that the glories of France have been gained.'

Officers who set little store upon their lives are no doubt useful and valuable subordinates to seekers after glory; but it was perhaps open to question whether much glory was to be reaped out of a miniature expedition into the interior of Senegambia either by France or by the leader of that expedition or by Raoul de Malglaive. The latter, at all events, anticipated none. He

stretched himself out in the corner of the railway-carriage, and, finding that sleep was not within his capabilities, fell to musing over the situation into which he had drifted. That situation, from the common-sense point of view, was sufficiently absurd. Succinctly stated, it amounted to this—that he was going to Africa to throw his life away simply and solely because a girl of whom he had chanced to become enamoured had declined to have anything to say to him. Yet it is a well-known and universally recognised fact that the emotion of love is transient. In two years—three years, at the outside—he would be himself again; Madeline Luttrell would be merely a sentimental and rather pleasant memory; while he would be still young and his material prosperity would in all probability have increased rather than diminished. Who but a consummate fool would resign, in what had all the appearance of a fit of childish ill-temper, the prospect of a long period of earthly felicity? Raoul de Malglaive, who was not a fool, who looked forward to no conscious existence beyond the grave, and who saw no reason for flattering himself that he was more constant or consistent than the average human being, did not attempt to support his decision by argument. Very likely, if he lived long enough, he would recover from this malady, as he had recovered from physical maladies; very likely he would become as other men were, and would learn to value life for the material pleasures which it had to offer him; very likely he would conquer his present disgust for those material pleasures. But we belong perforce to the present, not to the future, and although he acknowledged that it might eventually become possible for him to return to what he had left behind him, he really could not find that possibility an alluring one.

‘C’est égal, j’en ai assez!’ he said to himself.

The train rushed on through the night while this luckless spoilt child of fortune passed in mental review the incidents of his brief but somewhat exciting career. They had not excited him, those incidents; he had derived neither happiness nor profit from them—nothing, save an increased and very depressing acquaintance with the seamy side of human nature. On the other hand, they had robbed him of his only chance of true happiness. For, when all was said, Madeline was perhaps right: he was unworthy of her, and could never again make himself worthy of her. There was a chasm between them, she had told him, across which they could never join hands. Well, that was an unusual thing for a

young lady to say ; but there might be truth in it, for all that. Anyhow, her refusal of him was irrevocable, even if his past could have been atoned for.

From Bordeaux, which was reached early in the morning, the traveller's course lay straight across France ; so that, although he did not actually pass Pau, he was not very far from that place at the moment when Madeline was learning from Madame de Castelmoron that he had been calumniated. It would have surprised, but scarcely encouraged him to see those two ladies in conference together. He had never suspected the one of having penned an anonymous letter about him ; still less could he anticipate receiving an apologetic letter from the other. And since that apologetic letter did not reach Tours until after he had embarked on board the transport which was to convey him to the neighbourhood of the equator, he was spared the misery of doubting—as he might otherwise have doubted—whether he had not been in rather too great a hurry to cut himself off from the land of the living.

France, which we are so often assured (by Frenchmen) leads the advanced guard in the march of civilisation, must be acknowledged to have fallen back amongst the stragglers in the rear so far as railway travelling is concerned, and it was not until twenty-four hours later that Raoul was enabled to pace the deck of the hired vessel which was getting up steam in Toulon harbour. A small draft of reinforcements was to take passage with him, and he watched these poor fellows coming on board—shouting, singing, three parts drunk, most of them—with sincere commiseration. He had read and heard enough to know a great deal better than they did what they were going to and what only a very few of them could hope to escape ; it seemed a little hard that all that youth and exuberant health should be sacrificed, while hundreds and thousands to whom youth and health were valueless were left at home to grow dismally middle-aged and old at their leisure.

Well, at all events, the ship took away one young and healthy man who was not in the least enamoured of existence on the surface of this planet : more than one out of five hundred would doubtless have exceeded the average, even in these days of secular education, when death has naturally lost the greater part of the terrors ascribed to it by those who for a matter of two thousand years have been wont to assert that to die is gain.

One voyage is very like another, and all voyages are apt to be ineffably tedious. To Raoul, who was impatient to arrive at his destination, the slow progress of that ancient tub, which accomplished her nine knots with a fair wind and was not asked to do more than hold her own against a foul one, was so exasperating that at length he took the liberty of addressing some courteous remonstrances to the captain.

'You are in a great hurry to reach the most accursed country in the world,' remarked the latter, laughing; 'believe me, you will be in a still greater hurry to turn your back upon it. For the rest, you need not fear that the expedition will start without you; they have lost too many men already to be able to dispense with those whom I am taking to them, and in those regions one chooses one's own time for fighting. *Par exemple*, one cannot always choose the place. That remains at the choice of the enemy; and if you ask me whether a battalion and a half and a squadron or so of cavalry suffice to meet hordes of savages who are not so badly armed—*ma foi!* I should hesitate to make the reply which was given to the Chamber a few days ago by a couple of responsible Ministers.'

The Captain's somewhat pessimistic views were not shared, it appeared, by the handful of officers who were Raoul's fellow-passengers. These gentlemen, though not altogether pleased at having been ordered to a climate which is so commonly fatal to white men, expected to give a speedy and decisive account of their opponents. According to them, it was to be an affair of a month, or two months, at most; after which the customary rewards in the shape of promotions and decorations would follow. After all, it was worth while to take the chance of fever and make sure of honourable distinction. They were not bad specimens of their class, and if they found M. de Malglaive, who belonged to a different class, cold and distant in his manner, that was not because he looked down upon them, but because it was out of his power to share in their uproarious gaiety.

However, nobody could feel very gay or continue to be very uproarious when at length the voyage came to an end at the mouth of the Sénégal river. That mournful, desolate land, sweltering in overpowering heat by day and shrouded in chilly white vapours by night, had a sinister aspect of which the significance impressed itself even upon the most thoughtless of these new-comers. One stops laughing instinctively at the sight of a funeral procession or

the sound of a tolling bell ; for indeed death, when we are brought face to face with it, is not precisely a laughing matter.

Raoul, who proceeded up the river to the town of Saint-Louis in advance of the troops, said to himself more than once, with a rather dismal smile, that there was not much doubt about his finding what he had come to Africa to seek. Supposing that he escaped the bullets and spears of the enemy (and persons who are ready to welcome bullet and spear wounds generally do escape them) the climate might be relied upon to undertake his affair. He remembered the attack of fever and ague through which Madame de Castelmoron had been so good as to nurse him, and thought that he was a tolerably promising subject for future and less easily vanquished attacks.

On reaching Saint-Louis de Sénégal, a dreary, silent town, the population of which is rendered piebald by only a slight sprinkling of white people, who spend the greater part of their monotonous, weary days in wishing themselves anywhere else, he hastened to report his arrival to Colonel Davillier, the officer who had been placed in command of the projected expedition. He was not too well received by the brusque, sunburnt little personage, with bloodshot eyes and a fiercely turned-up moustache, upon whose staff he had been appointed to serve.

'What the devil,' Colonel Davillier wanted to know, 'do they expect me to do with a reinforcement of five hundred men who are not acclimatised and a young dandy—saving your presence—from Paris? It is not with such a pitiable force as that that we shall make our way to Timbuctoo : you and the Minister for War may take my word for it! *Enfin!*—since there is no help for it, let us go into the desert to be massacred. Plan of campaign?—there is no plan possible! *A la rigueur* I will grant you a first successful engagement ; but after that, we shall have to count with the Touaregs, who, I assure you, are not to be despised, and who, moreover, have been well furnished with arms by our good friends the English. Ah, those English!'—

Colonel Davillier, who was an honest man and a brave soldier, entertained opinions of us as a nation which are unfortunately shared by many of his compatriots who are both honest and brave. Raoul, having reasons of his own for believing that we are not quite so black as we are painted, undertook our defence in the course of subsequent conversations ; but he could not overcome the prejudices of his chief, nor was the Governor of Senegambia,

to whom he had brought a letter of introduction, disposed to back him up. That discontented, yellow-faced official (a residence of two years at Saint-Louis de Sénégal is enough to sour any official's temper and ruin his complexion) evidently felt that somebody must be blamed for the futile military operations which had been conducted, and were going to be conducted, under his auspices; and, since he was precluded by his position from cursing the home authorities, he found a little relief in denouncing British perfidy. 'A vile commercial race, who would sell rifles to their own enemies rather than miss the chance of doing a good stroke of business,' he said.

But whatever might be the outcome of this little war, and whoever ought to be held responsible for the catastrophe which both the Governor and the Commandant appeared to anticipate, a start had to be made, and as soon as the new drafts had been disembarked, Raoul found himself provided with plenty of work. His spirits rose—as the spirits of every man who is worth a brass farthing are sure to do—with enforced activity; he began to look forward to the fight which was at hand; he almost forgot that he had come to Africa to die, not to gain victories, and at the end of a week he had won the friendship and esteem of his chief.

'*Sapristi!*' Colonel Davillier exclaimed, 'if all Parisian dandies resemble you, *mon garçon*, I ask nothing better than to have half a dozen of them sent out to me. What I have difficulty in explaining to myself is why a dandy who can afford to amuse himself in Paris should ever have requested to be sent here. Glory?—fame?—*allons donc!* How many out of the thirty-eight millions who inhabit France will hear our names, do you think, or say masses for the repose of our souls after our bones have been picked clean by the jackals and the vultures?'

Well, in his case, there might possibly be one, Raoul thought—domiciled at that moment in the department of the Basses-Pyrénées. Not being ambitious, he wished only to dwell for a short time in the memory of that one, and it did not seem extravagant to hope that, if he was to die, she would divine for whose sake he had laid down his life.

(To be continued.)

